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COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
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SATURDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1918.

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RITA MARTIN.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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*. We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed and no postage need be paid.

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PIG BREEDING AND POTATOES

IT has become necessary that a clear policy should be formulated in regard to the feeding of pigs. Earlier in the war Mr. Prothero made the suggestion that farmers should walk pigs instead of puppies, but, owing no doubt to powerful reasons, this view was relinquished and the tendency afterwards was to urge the necessity of getting rid of pigs. Unless we are mistaken, that was the chief object in fixing the live-weight price at 18s. per score of 20lb. The argument was, in the first place, that concentrated foods could be more advantageously utilised for the feeding of dairy cows than pigs. It was felt that milk was a necessity for young children, and that their needs should be attended to first. Another reason was that pigs, to put the case at its lowest, can be more easily fattened on barley-meal and other cereal foods than by any other method. They can grow,

and even to a certain extent put on flesh, when fed on vegetable refuse or turned out to grass; but to finish them in anything like decent fashion something else must be provided. It is a matter of elementary knowledge among farmers that in ordinary peace times it requires great skill to keep pigs at a profit unless the circumstances are peculiarly favourable. The old rule was that the farmer should keep as many pigs as he had waste for. A piggery in conjunction with a dairy, for instance, was a remunerative combination; but the custom had grown of giving pigs concentrated foods in the same way as other livestock, and if bacon were low and feeding-stuffs high, the pig-breeder often found his balance on the wrong side. But that is not the urgent question just now.

What is required in the present crisis is that every labourer and small farmer should be encouraged to keep a pig. We are frankly unable to understand what Mr. Edge is driving at in the opening sentence of his letter in another column, to the effect that there is an end to the commercial farmer's pig and the cottager's pig. The letter is interesting as a statement of policy that might be pursued for the preservation of the best breeds and the continuation of fattening after the war is over. We do not feel inclined to look so far forward when the hard fact is staring us in the face that there is going to be a great deficiency not only in meats, but fats. This can be met, as far as can be seen, only in one way, and that is by encouraging every cultivator of a good-sized garden or allotment (to say nothing of a small holding) to acquire a pigling as soon as possible. During the next month there will be a growth of nettles and other herbage by the wayside such as the grandparents of those now living boiled and fed to their pigs with excellent results. In April this will be followed by the beginning of the spring flush of herbage, and in the months following refuse from vegetable plots and kitchens will be at their maximum, so that pigs can be kept and even raised to a very creditable condition of fatness on material that costs nothing and which, indeed, would be wasted failing the adoption of some such method. Particularly it might be pointed out that where there is a military station, whether it be for training, gunnery or other duties, there is a continual and unavoidable waste that might very well be utilised for the piggery. In that way the necessary fat would be provided. It need not be recalled that there is no other domestic animal equals the pig in fecundity, so that one of the greatest difficulties by which we are confronted can be successfully met by the method now being set forth. We commend these suggestions to the consideration of all who are directly interested in the feeding of the public during the autumn and winter of the present year. The danger of suffering from hunger in summer-time is, after all, not so very great. We are entering now on the period of production, and it will go hard with us if there be not food in some shape or form. Moreover, fat is not so necessary as an element of food in hot weather as it is in cold. Now, therefore, is the moment at which to set about preparing for the lean months that may be expected next year.

We are glad to learn that the correspondents of Mr. Edge appear to be thinking about keeping pigs for consumption at home. That is a very sound principle. It has been at the foundation of the exhortation we have addressed to everyone who can grow potatoes to maintain at the same time as much small livestock, ranging from pigs down to rabbits, as will suffice for their domestic necessities. We believe that a system of rationing is thought to be applicable to the home-fed porker as much as to the purchased meat. If true, this must tend to discourage the allotment holder where we want to stimulate his activity as much as possible. If he is able to feed a pig from the refuse of the vegetables he has grown, he is making a notable addition to the food supply of the country, and the less interference with it the better. Besides, the plan is impracticable. Parts of the pig are not curable, at any rate in a cottage, and must be consumed within a short period of killing. Other parts are boiled down into lard or turned into material used as an adjunct to cookery. It would be far better to encourage the cottager to keep his pig and use it to what he considers the best advantage.

Our Frontispiece

THIS week we print as our frontispiece a portrait of the Hon. Venetia Baring, who was appointed a Maid of Honour to Queen Mary in 1911 and is the eldest daughter of Lord Ashburton.

*. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES.



WHEN a player at chess makes a new and puzzling move expert onlookers watch with keen interest how he will continue. They know that when the end is good, all is good, but if the end is bad, all is bad. This fairly describes the attitude of European politicians when Trotsky out of nowhere swam into their ken. His first move was certainly both new and puzzling. Advancing the doctrine of No Annexations, No Indemnities, he, instead of guns, applied his persuasive powers to Germany. The wily Hun proved equal to the occasion. Assuming an air of sympathy and acquiescence, he also vowed that the great German Alliance was absolutely repugnant to the idea of demanding indemnities or making conquests. Then a conference was arranged to change these amicable protestations into definite and business-like arrangements. That was the continuation of the game, the end of which enables us to form a judgment upon Bolshevism as a form of government. It has brought overwhelming ruin and disaster to the great Russian Empire, chaos to her Government, and suffering to her citizens.

THE American humorist Artemus Ward, in a famous little paper, "Moral Suasion," explained the unexpected effect produced upon a benevolent spectator who tried it upon a tiger in the "Zoo." What the satirist showed in his laughing wisdom has come literally true in regard to the relations between Germany and Russia. The emissaries of the Kaiser at Brest-Litovsk dallied and delayed until the disorganisation of the Russian Army was complete; then they formulated their demands. Trotsky, whose belief in the power of talk seems as inexhaustible as it is innocent, having tried in vain the plan of moral suasion, declared that he would not sign articles of peace, but that a condition of peace would be proclaimed between the two countries, hoping, we may suppose, that this ended the matter. But then the tiger showed its teeth. German armies at once began to march through rapine to the dismemberment of the Russian Empire. Trotsky was reduced to despair and has agreed to the conditions of peace imposed by the ferocious, cunning enemy. He has given up the Baltic Provinces; has agreed to neutralise the Russian Fleet; to disarm what remains of the army; and—what must be most painful of all to the born demagogue—to cease from permitting any kind of propaganda directed against the countries of the Quadruple Alliance. Conditions more ignominious were never imposed upon a great, or any other, empire. The foot of Germany is placed upon the neck of Russia, and arrangements have even been made for drawing out of her the economic blood. Whatever we may think of the future (and it is impossible to believe that what has been one of the mightiest empires of the world will not recoil under this humiliation and be forced into a policy of revenge fiercer than that which animated the French after 1870), it is impossible for any thoughtful student of public affairs not to see that Bolshevism or extreme Socialism is a form of government which has utterly failed to meet the requirements. Words have proved a very inadequate substitute for shells.

SATAN reproving sin is an apt summary of the situation created by the German demand, issued through neutral countries, that the use of poisonous gas should be discontinued in warfare and made illegal. Germany is assuming a curious position when she sets up the Law of Nations against her opponents. The use of poisonous gas was forbidden by the Hague Convention before this war broke out. Before Germany adopted it she caused complaints to be made that the English had already done so. That was only to provide an excuse. The facts of the case are that long after Germany had employed this barbarous means of warfare France and Great Britain did not use it; and when at length gas equipment was sent over, our officers knew so little about its use that they endangered the lives of our own men, until one of their number, with a more scientific training than the rest, took the matter in hand. The use of gas was forced upon other combatants by Germany. The complaint raised now is merely a recognition that the British form of gas is much deadlier than that of the Huns. Our people no doubt would very gladly agree to a discontinuance of the practice if they had an assurance that Germany would keep to the bargain, but the Power which treated her obligations to Belgium as a scrap of paper and which sprang poisonous gas as a surprise upon her enemies in defiance of the Hague Convention has forfeited her claim to trust.

BY the death of Lord Brassey in his eighty-third year there passes not only a most zealous public servant, but one whose sterling qualities of heart and character won for him a place in popular esteem that was independent of his more public record. On another page we print a review of his last book, "Sunbeam R.Y.S.," in which he supplemented the first Lady Brassey's fascinating story of the famous yacht's voyaging. Some 50,000 knots were logged by Lord Brassey, who was a most skilful and intrepid yachtsman and the first to obtain the Board of Trade Master Mariner's Certificate. Up to the very last, despite considerable physical infirmity due to a fall from aloft, he maintained an intense interest in affairs generally, but most especially in naval administration. He was a charming and gracious host, and not the least of his social gifts was the faculty he had of making the duller guest feel he was, after all, a gayer and wittier fellow than he thought himself. Viscount Hythe, who succeeds to the peerage, inherits his father's keenness and capacity for work. He, too, holds a Master's Certificate, and is editor of the *Naval Annual* founded by his father.

GRACE AFTER DREAMING.

"For what we have received, O Lord!"—that one
Slipped from the woods and streams of Paradise,
And came, with tender hands and happy eyes,
Between the candle-light and rising sun:
For this Thy mercy—ah! so long implored!—
"For what we have received, we thank Thee, Lord."

ISABEL BUTCHART.

IN the course of his speech on Saturday last Sir Eric Geddes made reference to the effect the recent blizzard and prolonged frost in America is likely to have on our food supply. Railway transit in the States has been interrupted and so has the movement of ocean-going steamers. In consequence, there is a delay in the delivery of those stores of frozen and chilled meat which were expected from the other side of the Atlantic. It may be as a result of this that last week a quantity of home-fed beef was given out at our military stations. The effect of this will be to contract to some extent the quantity of fresh meat available during the summer months, so that the scheme for rationing the nation has not come out before it was urgently needed. On the other hand, it is evident that a very general endeavour is being made to increase the number of pigs and tame rabbits. The season is now coming on when they can be kept at a minimum of cost and, if the movement is sufficiently large, it should have the effect of easing the situation as regards beef and mutton.

DURING the next few weeks officers in various parts of this country will be engaged in laying out military gardens. Most of these are bound to be on grassland and, as gun commanders and the like are not required to pass an examination in horticulture, it is no wonder if some of them are a little puzzled as to what should be done. No better example can be recommended to them than that of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, who, during the war, has turned a large amount of ground into a vegetable garden and now proposes to increase the area by at least one hundred acres. In this

will be comprised many acres of grassland, and officers who have similar work in hand may be glad to learn what the plans are of Mr. Edwin Beckett, the very accomplished gardener who is carrying out the scheme of Mr. Vicary Gibbs. On the turned up grassland Mr. Beckett proposes to grow onions, shallots, leeks, celeriac, parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes, Brussels sprouts, and potatoes. We believe that this list is such as would please the soldiers. They almost all like onions, and, of course, shallots belong to that category. It would be very interesting if Mr. Beckett would tell us how his experience suggests onions can best be grown on newly turned up land. They love friable and well cultivated soil; but we are sure that the gardener we have named will be able to produce them on land newly brought into garden cultivation.

THE other crops are admirably chosen. Leeks are not so popular in this country as they are in France or in Scotland, but for winter use they are unrivalled. In an ordinary way they, too, demand rich and well cultivated soil, but an expert gardener who has at command a plentiful supply of farmyard manure, ought to find little difficulty in providing an excellent crop for next winter. Of the cabbage tribe, the most useful are undoubtedly Brussels sprouts, because they are in profit during those hard months when the summer vegetables have disappeared. Parsnips and Jerusalem artichokes are natural supplements to the potato crop, and, fortunately, both are easy going crops that will give a good yield if they have only a moderate chance. Ordinary cabbage we may take for granted is included in the scheme, and there will be numerous corners in which it will be possible to produce lettuce, radishes, and other saladings. Those who are laying out military gardens cannot do better than model themselves upon Mr. Edwin Beckett.

THE announcement that soldiers on leave are to be entitled to a meat ration of eight ounces a day and members of the W.A.A.C. a ration of six ounces seems to emphasise the grave unwisdom of allowing Public Schools to labour under such difficulties as at present prevail in obtaining even the simplest foods. At Harrow morning school has been abandoned, and the O.T.C. training has been greatly reduced owing to the impossibility of getting good work out of boys inadequately fed. Many of these boys at Public Schools are within a few months of military age, and all of them represent the future manhood of the nation upon which so much in the immediate future depends. Except the men actually engaged on active service there is no section of the community more urgently in need of good and sufficient nourishment than the growing youths at school whose whole growth and development may be affected by a short-sighted policy of restriction. Every reasonable precaution must be taken to ensure that when the call to service comes they be found fit and physically ready for the strain.

THE Labour War Programme is excellent as far as it goes, but the strength of a chain is never greater than that of the weakest link. In this case it is not difficult to point out where the pinch comes. The carrying out of the Labour programme depends upon the formation of a League of Nations. The idea is excellent, or would be so if workable. But we are faced with the fact that German military writers of to-day (we do not refer to Bernhardt, Treitschke and the other professional exponents of military theory before the war) are openly advocating preparation for another war to follow this, and at the same time sneering at the idea of a League of Nations. They say that nothing of the kind endured in the past, and that it will not prove a curb to national ambition in the future. It follows from this that the Labour War Programme is unrealisable unless it is preceded by the destruction of militarism in Prussia. We must win the war before a League of Nations can obtain any chance of producing the settlement to which our Labour friends aspire.

IT appears to be now certain that there will be a very considerable shortage of cereals in the months that may be roughly reckoned as extending from the second week of June to the second week of August. There will be no use in repining against this restriction of supplies, because it is in the main due to a world shortage. Men cannot at the same time fight a great war and plough the homesteads. What remains is that everything should be done to provide substitutes for flour during these months. The best, undoubtedly, is

the early potato. It is not too late to sow yet, and if good ground with adequate shelter from the north and east winds is chosen and suitable manure employed, which should, whenever possible, include wood-ashes, there should be no difficulty in producing a supply of early potatoes that will help to tide over the shortage of flour. When we say wood-ashes, it should be remembered that the phrase is meant to include the ashes of weeds, roots and all the other refuse of the garden. If these are burned with a certain amount of soil adhering to them, so much the better. The experiments in partial sterilisation of the soil, to which we have given a good deal of attention lately, prove that burned earth is of itself a great stimulus to fertility, and produces a considerable effect even when mixed with earth that has not been treated. Not so very long ago it was a common practice to burn the land—that is, cut up a bad pasture, burn the turves and scatter the ashes over the ground. This manuring was considered to hold good for three or four years. Its effect was practically the same as that of partial sterilisation of the soil.

THE only class from whom we hear a certain amount of grumbling about the extension of summer time is that of the farmers. Their case is not unreasonable. Already on the farm every available moment of daylight is utilised. Few townspeople have any idea of the early rising necessary on a dairy or stock farm, and, practically speaking, every holding in England partakes more or less of this character. In the height of summer, again, farming operations are not often practicable even in the most beautiful weather; hay cannot be made while the dew is on the grass, nor corn cut, nor harvesting performed. Thus the early hours are lost and the operations interrupted at an earlier hour in the evening than is usual or convenient. In fact, arrangements most highly suitable to an urban district do not work at all well in the country, where, during the winter months, the custom has been for the hours of work to be short and in the summer months for them to be prolonged. It is otherwise in the garden or on the allotment, where as full use can be made of the extra hour of daylight as in the heart of the town. It may be necessary, however, to modify the rule in its application to say a farm of twenty-five acres and upwards.

A WANDERING THOUGHT.

A wandering thought last night
Came in the wind to me,
Out of the dying light
Over the darkening sea.

Oh, to remember now
The sweetness of the thought,
That soothed my aching brow,
Like sympathy unsought!

But all that I recall
Is it made cares to cease,
As troubled brooklets fall
In a broad river's peace.

That thought was never mine,
But God's, Who lent it me—
A fancy too divine
For foolish poesie.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

ADMIRAL JELLCOE has very appropriately chosen to associate his title with Scapa. Until the war broke out comparatively few people knew much about this pleasant spot in the Orkney Islands. To some of us it was known chiefly on account of the flow into which shoals of the "ca'ing" or bottle-nosed whale had a habit of straying. The writer remembers—and this more years ago than he cares to calculate—a great day when some three hundred of these creatures, after the usual frightening by improvised kettledrums, old firearms and the other armour treasured for the purpose by Orcadians who knew the old tradition, were driven ashore and slaughtered. Scapa is also well known to an entirely different individual, namely, the archaeologist. Near it are certain remains of antiquity which are popularly called Picts' Houses, which have often been visited. Not for these reasons, but for one that can easily be divined, has our eminent seaman chosen that his title shall be Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa. The name is singularly beautiful, as, indeed, is the romantic coast adjoining the hamlet. Our gallant seaman has chosen well.

THE PRINCE'S TOUR IN THE WEST



ON THE HOME FARM AT STOKE CLIMSLAND.

AS was only to be expected, the Prince of Wales received a hearty welcome alike in the Principality from which he takes his title and in the Duchy where his tenants and neighbours hope that he will make his home when the war is over. It would be difficult to name any other district in Great Britain more fitted to the well known tastes of the Prince of Wales. From infancy he has been accustomed to spend a great part of his holidays among the Highlands of Scotland, where he had abundant opportunities of showing his prowess as a pedestrian. At Princetown he saw much to remind him of these scenes. The landscape is as diversified as it could be in the ruggedest part of Scotland. Princetown claims to be the highest inhabited town in Great Britain, and the country lying round it is best described by the one word—Dartmoor. What that means only Mr. Eden Phillpotts or a Devonian equally devoted could adequately express. But the merest visitor cannot fail to catch something of the charm that hangs over the boulder-strewn hills, the vales down which the brooks jump and tinkle, the wind-swept plantations, and that keen and biting air of which we all know the reinvigorating effect. Tor Royal, which might probably commend itself to one whose likings are those dictated by simplicity and good taste, is, as our photograph shows, a well built, quiet mansion of the late eighteenth century. It lies embowered among trees with a brook running by, and here and there a remembrancer that the "old man," as the natives called the ancient miner for tin, did not omit this district in his exploration. At the present moment, when people in this country are accepting with good grace the lesson in simple living which the war has furnished, there are many who will fully sympathise with the known dislike of the Prince of Wales for excessive grandeur, coupled as it would invariably be with the worries and troubles inseparable from an establishment on a large scale. To many the house will appeal as a perfectly ideal residence; but it is not exactly from this point of view that natives of Devon and Cornwall look forward with joy to the prospect of having their natural leader among them—for the Duke of Cornwall is, of course, their natural leader. A

beginning has been made with the Duchy that if followed up, as it will doubtless be by its logical sequel, would make the district one of the busiest hives of industry in rural Britain. The tin and wolfram mines form a feature peculiar to Cornwall. It was tin that made this county the object of many visits long before King Mark ruled or Tristram and Iseult played out their love drama on its shore. The Royal visitor appears to have been deeply interested by his visit to Kit Hill, where the miners are at work, and the rolling shoulder of Hingston Down which falls from it. He explored the tunnels and galleries where the search for wolfram is being conducted and no doubt saw the remains which tell where the "old man" operated long ago. Down at the foot of the hill is the factory with its crushing apparatus, which also has an attraction of its own. But imagination is scarcely needed to find a deeper meaning behind those symbols. All this means work for those on the spot and also invaluable help to the great industry of steel making. It may serve as an augury that never more shall we need to import either the raw material or the finished product from the great enemy.

On Sunday the Prince attended service at Princetown in the morning, and in the afternoon motored to Stoke Climsland, the model farm of the Duchy, where no doubt he found opportunity to inspect his noble herd of Shorthorn cattle. Stock-breeding continues to be an important industry in the midst of the war and will probably grow more so when Peace is at last permitted to resume her sway. Perhaps the reclamation of heathland close to Princetown may prove even more profitable and advantageous to the country than anything else being done in the Duchy. In the course of the present year it is hoped—and we can see no grounds for

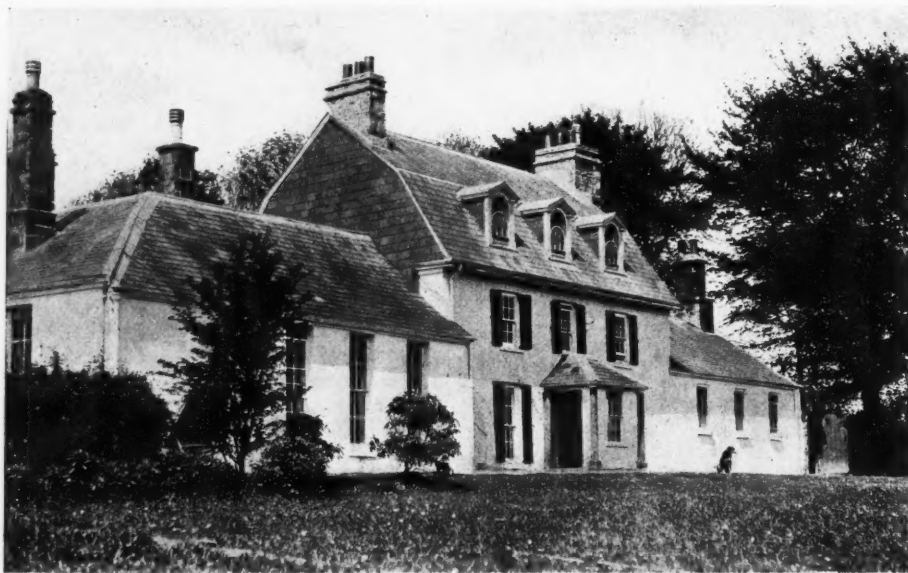
expecting disappointment—that a good 500 acres will be added to the cultivated land of the Duchy. It is a lesson that the men of Devon and Cornwall are likely to take to heart. They will easily recognise that this is but an earnest of the addition to be ultimately made to the food producing area of the district. Every effort of the kind is a direct addition to the real wealth of the country. It is creating a property that will not only yield profit to the owner or occupier, and labour to the



THE TAMAR.

workman, but also a tax to the State. The success of the scheme, indeed, opens up a wide vista of usefulness. If the moorland adjacent to Princetown can be brought into cultivation properly, there are tens of thousands of acres equally amenable to the influence of the plough. This means, among other things, that if there is any shortage of employment elsewhere after the war is over, there will, at any rate, be plenty to keep all hands busy on the Duchy. It is not for us to say what the ultimate design may be, but should it be the desire of the Prince of Wales that this reclaimed land should be parcelled out as small holdings for those who have done their duty in the fighting services and wish for a life on the land after the war is over, the project would meet with universal recognition and gratitude. Such land as this has by scientific method been on the Continent rendered capable of producing the heaviest crops in Europe, and there is no reason why this little bit of history should not be repeated on Dartmoor.

We have in a previous article shown how ridiculous it is for people to argue that this may militate against the



TOR ROYAL.

beauty of the Moor. On the contrary, it will add to it. Those bleak uplands, if they are to be cultivated at all, require substantial wind shelters, not mere rows and strips of trees, but good plantations; and an addition to the woodland scenery of the uplands will certainly not detract from their beauty. Besides, the moor is too great to be affected by such trifles as the cultivation of a few hundred acres here and a few hundred acres there. Its size and majesty enable it to engulf them all.

Another consideration is that it would be a very bad policy on the part of the residents to spoil the charms of a neighbourhood which attracts an immense number of visitors every year. Converting the other day with one of the most influential magnates, he made the remark that of all side industries

in Cornwall and Devon the most popular and remunerative was that of entertaining visitors. For reasons of pleasure and health, they not only go to the coast in summer, but swarm over the moorland, gladly lodging in cottage or small farm. Long may they continue to do so.

ENSILAGE.—III. THE FEEDING OF SILAGE

IN my previous article attention was drawn to the fact that care and skill are required in making good silage; the quality of silage probably varies just as much as, if not more than, the quality of hay, though in the case of silage the conditions may be kept under better control than in haymaking, when so much depends on the weather. Good silage is obtained when the material is allowed to heat moderately, so that the silage may become "sweet," without allowing the heat to rise excessively, in which case too large a quantity of the most digestible food is burnt up. It should be well pressed on top and protected from rain, and air must be prevented from gaining access; otherwise the silage becomes mouldy. The quality of silage also varies greatly, according to the material of which it is made. Rough fibrous brushings cannot be made into valuable feed, just because the process gives it a good nose. The better the quality of the original crop, the better will be the feeding value of the silage. If the original crop contains a low percentage of albuminoids, as in the case of maize, then the silage will have similar characteristics; whereas fodders such as lucerne, clover, or tares and oats will produce a silage, comparatively rich in these constituents. These properties require to be borne in mind when rations are being compounded.

Feeding Properties of Silage.—Silage is a succulent food containing generally between 60 per cent. and 70 per cent. of water, though exceptional samples may contain less than 45 per cent. or more than 80 per cent. of water. Naturally, the food value of any sample is proportional to the dry matter which it contains; a sample containing 40 per cent. of dry matter, other things being equal, will be worth twice as much as a sample containing only 20 per cent. For feeding purposes it may be said that silage should be regarded as a substitute for hay rather than a substitute for roots, although in cultivation the crop more frequently occupies part of the root tilth. The food value of silage is not so great as that of an equal quantity of dry matter

in the form of hay, made from the same crop under good weather conditions, for the reason that a portion of the readily digestible constituents in the silage have been burnt up and lost during fermentation, especially if this was excessive. For the approximate calculation of rations, it may be assumed that the food value of the dry weight of silage is equivalent to that of an equal dry weight of second quality hay.

The high proportion of water contained in silage naturally reduces the water required by animals fed upon it, but even when large quantities of silage are fed (a practice that is not desirable) it is important that the stock be given access to water.

Well made "sweet" silage has a very appetising smell, resembling that of "pickled" hay. Stock relish it and consume it greedily, as well as straw chaff, with which it is often mixed for feeding. The mangers are licked out clean if the silage is good; but if mouldy or rotting pieces are fed with the good, these may be left. This palatability of silage is due largely to the acids (including vinegar), and sometimes also to alcohols which it contains. "Sour" silage contains similar acids in greater quantity, and in many cases is readily taken by cattle; but this is not always the case, and occasionally, if the silage is very "sour," they can only be induced to eat small quantities. It is possibly owing to this acidity that feeders of silage have found it to be inadvisable to feed very large quantities of silage; stock fed heavily upon silage sometimes become unthrifty. It seems not unreasonable to suppose that excessive amounts of these acids may interfere with digestion. Certain it is that stock fed with moderate amounts of silage appear to keep very healthy, and in nearly all cases silage-fed animals retain "glossy" coats. Nevertheless, in spite of the generally healthy appearance which silage-fed animals attain, it is a matter of frequent observation that such animals do not put on flesh or fatten so quickly as might be expected.

As compared with roots, silage contains much more fibre and much less easily digestible carbohydrate material per 100

parts of dry matter. This is probably the explanation of the observation above recorded that silage-fed cattle do not fatten so rapidly as one might expect. The high fibre content of silage is reflected in another respect: animals fed upon it keep firm in the dung. This is a useful property when it is fed in conjunction with such relaxing foods as mangolds or lush grass in early spring or autumn.

Stock for which Silage is Suitable.—The fibrous nature of silage makes it in most cases an unsuitable food for pigs; they appear to relish the taste, but they are not equipped, as are ruminants, for digesting fibrous material, and in consequence are not able to make the most of it. Silage made from maize and from rape is occasionally fed to pigs, but it is doubtful whether this is an economical practice. Dairy cows, according to American experience, seem to be the class of stock most benefited by silage feeding, and this is also borne out by the experience of those dairymen who make and feed silage in England. The cows eat the silage with relish, keep in excellent health, and though there is little experimental evidence, the general opinion of the feeders is that the cows milk well when fed upon it. "Sweet" silage does not appear to taint the milk, but "sour" silage must be fed with care, or it will give its unpleasant taste

to the milk. It must not be fed just before milking, when the flavour may be directly absorbed by the milk; but it should be fed after milking is over and preferably in another building if the cows are turned out of the milk-shed after milking. The quantity of "sweet" silage that is commonly fed to dairy cows with best results is about 2 stones per day, and should not exceed 50lb. per day. It is usual to mix it overnight with an equal bulk of dry straw chaff, to which the allowance of pulped roots may be added if desired; or, if preferred, the roots may be fed separately.

It is generally agreed that store cattle, from the age of four months old and onwards, thrive upon a ration containing moderate quantities of silage. They also keep sleek in the coat and firm in the dung, and, as yearlings, may receive anything up to 2 stones of silage per day together with other food. American experience indicates that bulls should not receive large quantities of silage, or their breeding efficiency may be affected.

Sheep of all kinds will eat silage with relish, and may be fed up to 5lb. per head daily. Small quantities of silage, up to 1½ stones per day, may be fed to horses, but care should be taken that no silage damaged by mould or otherwise is fed to them.

ARTHUR AMOS.

"GROWING" IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS AS A CAREER FOR WOUNDED OFFICERS.—II

BY J. O. BEUTTLER.

READERS of my former article will remember it dealt with the purchase of property and the avoidance of various pitfalls which would be likely to be met with. It will be well now to go more into the minutiae of the actual working. In the ordinary routine the neophyte on his arrival usually pays £50 premium to some reliable grower, and for this sum he has the right to have explained to him the various processes going on throughout the season, his work and attendance being voluntary, and the knowledge he picks up entirely depending on his own aptitude and keenness. As a rule the system is not a success to either party. Better to shoulder the responsibility yourself at once. Voluntary work for others, as a rule, is not worth much, unless a man is an enthusiast. I remember once having a pupil whose breeding was inversely as his brain power. After considerable pains had been spent on his early lessons, we found him trimming off the flower bunches instead of the leaf shoots! Nature was kind to him and took him to a better world. Another pupil made really a splendid start, he became quite an adept at early bean culture, but alas! the fumes of things more potent than the aroma of the bean flower overcame him and "his place knoweth him no more."

Personally, I have a great dislike to foremen; of course, if a beginner can get a really good man, his path is made easy; but these paragons are few and far between. The inferior article is so overbearing, vindictive and ignorant that he is best left alone. Here is a case in point. Two young fellows bought a place and worked like niggers under the direction of the foreman. As soon as this gentleman saw that he was indispensable he became so aggressive, and his demands so out of all reason that they could not be complied with, and for revenge he left his employers in the lurch at a critical time. It broke them! Remember one watering too much or at a wrong time can cause immeasurable mischief.

By far the best thing to do is to choose an ordinary, intelligent greenhouse hand who knows the general routine. You could get plenty of young fellows of this kind, at any rate, before the war, who are trustworthy and will work with their employer and discuss with him the various steps he proposes to take. They themselves are anxious to learn "on their own" and gain the confidence necessary for becoming foremen; the more they find they are trusted the more interest they will take in the place, and as they become worth it their pay can be advanced a bit.

The other hands are not so important, being mostly mechanical workers who do as they are told without thinking or bothering as long as they get their pay!

At the bottom of the tree is the "watering boy," an absolute misnomer. Never leave the watering to "watering boys." They use the hose as if they were at a fire and swamp the plants with water whether they want it or not, working terrible havoc

to the watering yourself. I always do, at any rate till June is on the way. Watering is a high art, and no two plants want the same treatment.

The best time for the grower to start is September to October, when the mixing and preparation of the ground, cleaning of the houses, washing of the pots, etc., has to be undertaken. No trouble you take can be too great in these processes, the crop that you get in the spring owes its prosperity to the care you take in the autumn! Plants, like human beings, require to be treated hygienically, and it is far easier to avoid disease than to cure it. Personally, I have never been able really successfully to tackle diseased plants, the mischief is too far gone before it is recognised. I make it a rule to dip all my seedling pots in antiseptic, and the insides of all the houses are scrubbed down, sulphured and the top layer of earth carefully scraped up and taken off the premises. You cannot be too careful. When I sterilise my earth I make the men before they work it dip their tools in antiseptic and clean the soles of their boots before going on the mixing stage. Of course, you may say, "what unnecessary trouble!" But it pays. You do not want to see your crop, as I have done, just as it comes to maturity, wilting away with disease, when it could easily have been avoided in the earlier stages with a little more care.

A golden rule to remember is that the more you put into the earth the more you get out of it; and as, in a good crop, the tomato takes out of the earth water and manures enough to ripen 5lb. of fruit per plant, a 20s. bag of manure saved may be 100s. worth of fruit lost! Of course, the art of ventilation, heating, watering, etc., cannot be taught in an article, but must be gradually learnt as the work proceeds.

A warning must be given as regards the treatment of men. The Guernsey working-man is very independent, and will not stand "bossing." As most of the men have little holdings of their own with a small greenhouse or two, which they keep going after ordinary working hours, they feel that they are landed proprietors as well as you are.

A neighbour of mine, who has come from the East, where he "tea planted," treats his men as coolies, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for a man, without a moment's warning, to put on his coat and take his departure! The more valuable a man is the more sensitive he is to his treatment.

In conclusion, I may add that the tomato plant is a peculiarly elusive one in the way it has to be treated, and it is well to bear in mind the words of the old Guernsey grower on his deathbed: "Dang them toms, they have beaten me now." As a final word of advice may I add that it is never safe to go "nap" on anything? If you get new seed or a new manure, start with it in a little corner of your greenhouse and see how it does, and remember the good old Latin proverb: "Festina lente"—hasten slowly!

THE NERVES OF AN ARMY

Drawings by C. R. W. Nevinson, one of the Official British Artists, reproduced by permission of H.M. Government.

I REMEMBER the other evening a friend propounding the ancient wheeze that if we are standing upright the people on the Australian Continent must be standing upside down. He illustrated his remark with an orange as a suitable substitute for the earth. As we could not get him to define clearly what he meant by the words "upright" and "upside down," the argument went no further.

on the surface of an imaginary sphere encasing what germ of truth there is, as our world encases its own centre of gravity. And thus almost all argument is only as though a man from England and one from Central Asia, maintaining their relative directions, were to be suddenly transported into space and, meeting, were to discuss which one was really standing upright, and in which direction lay "up."

Happily, on this solid sphere such uncomfortable juxtapositions are impossible; and though in the worlds of ideas some attempt seems to be made to find some quiet retreats from the troubled atmosphere of conflict—in clubs, societies and the like—when a similar parallelism is enjoyed, for the most part opinions lie about at all imaginable angles, each trying to make its own perpendicularity patent instead of enquiring whether there may not be something in common to all, some central point which all would indicate were each in its correct relative position.

The controversy which has for years now raved about the modern artistic movement is a case in point. Each man who had an æsthetic view felt bound to prove that his æsthetic view was the one and only, not realising that, as on this globe, perpendicularity springs from the position upon it, that what might be upright from one place must necessarily be slanting from another; and thus Mr. Nevinson's war work first entered the field in a controversial atmosphere which, to some extent, still exists, though the real and virile qualities of his work have made him a host of admirers among both the learned and unlearned in things artistic. The chief objections among normal people to Mr. Nevinson's first show are two: the conventions he has adopted with which to express himself, and secondly, the uncompromising reality of his subjects. He painted what he had seen of war as he had seen it. There was no more alleviation in his "Patrie," a picture of a blood-drenched barn used as a first-aid station, than there was in the original fact from which the picture was taken, and while his angularity of outline and of shadow is a convention unusual and personal to Mr. Nevinson, since all artistic expression is convention in one form or another, there seems little reason to quarrel with him, provided always that the convention used does convey the expression intended by the artist. Mr. Nevinson was appointed an



THE NERVES OF THE ARMY.

But I was lately struck by the thought that this confusion, in which uprightness implies parallelism, also exists in the world of ideas. To a great extent the whole conflict of thought depends upon the fact that the average man cannot understand that, while he is standing upright upon one plane of ideas, his opponent may be equally perpendicular in an Australia of his own, his opponent and he are really antipodes

official artist to the front, and the present exhibition at the Leicester Galleries shows the result of a visit, over, through and under the British lines.

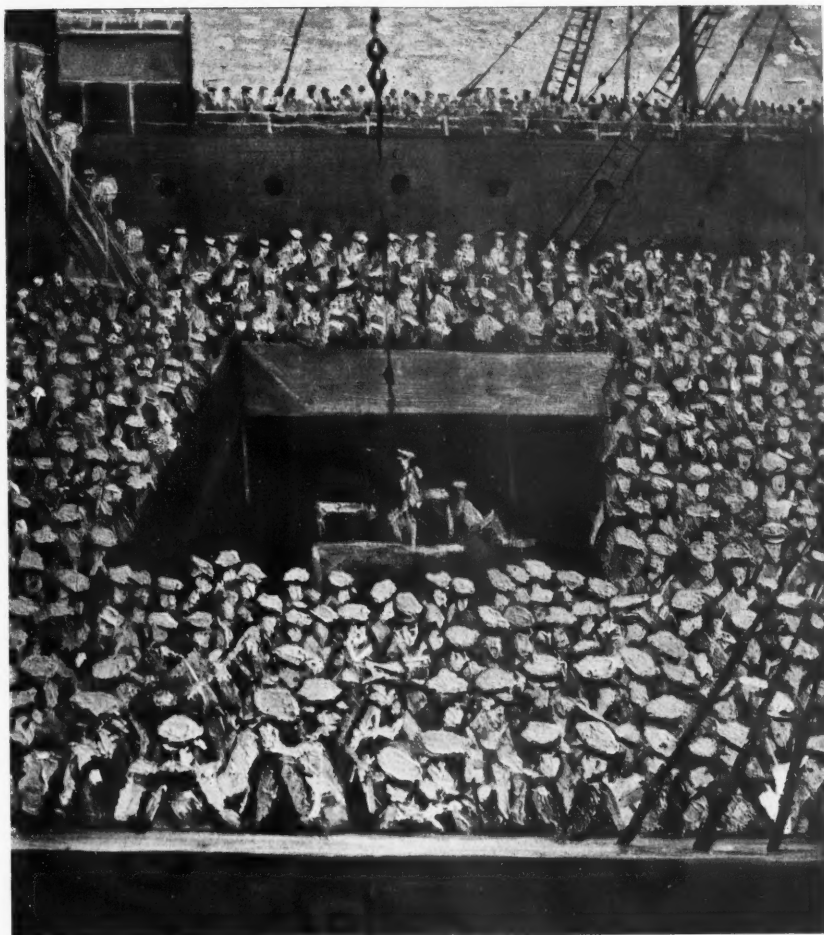
In Mr. Nevinson's first exhibition there was, I feel, an attitude expressed. Mr. Nevinson's first taste of war had given him a large general impression in which a judgment was implied; his present exhibition shows another standpoint.

There are, of course, reasons for this. Mr. Nevinson's position as official artist gives to his work an authority which, as from a casual non-combatant, was denied, and this authority, in these days of complex propaganda, being a ticklish thing, has brought Mr. Nevinson into conflict with the censorship. The whole scale of what he would have painted, had he had a free hand, he is not allowed to paint, and so this exhibition represents what of Mr. Nevinson's work is considered suitable for neutrals and others to see at the present date. The whole he will, perhaps, give us when the ferment of struggle has subsided.

An army is like an electric current. It has its generating station, its wires carrying the current, and the points where the current is turned into

sources strained to keep that fringe in its place. The "Bursting Shell" picture comes itself somewhat like an

active work, and its return wires. Mr. Nevinson's picture, "The Nerves of the Army," has thus a double meaning and might stand as a symbol of the whole show. The aspect he has chosen to show us in this exhibition is mainly that organic side of the war, the complex wires which carry their flights of electrons, the lines of communication carrying men, food which will become men, or munitions which will destroy men. He is here scarcely concerned with the fighting; the drama of death and heroism which lies like a fringe at the fighting frontier is far older, far less complex and, in point of relationship to other wars, far less interesting than the gigantic re-



LOOKING DOWN ON LEAVE BOATS FROM THE QUAY.



M. T.

explosion in this exhibition of organism. If these electric wires, busy with their balanced specialists, are the Nerves of an Army, then these "Motor Transports" are the blood corpuscles, fulfilling their round through the veins of communication, revivifying; and this "Leave Boat," glowing in an afternoon sun, is the refreshing period of the Army's sleep, the return to that existence which, after months mud soaked in Flanders trenches, must be like a far dim dream, and as beautiful.

The creed of the Futurists which Mr. Nevinson embraced before the war was a cry for dynamic expression in the Arts. Until the time of Impressionism painting was essentially a still art. It was, at its most agitated, a form of instantaneous photography which gave the gestures of movement, but not the true impression of movement. From the merely representative point of view all effect of movement implies distortion because the eye is not sufficiently quick to seize all parts in their proper relationship, and to the painter who would give movement as an essential part of his work the comprehension of this distortion is not only advisable but imperative. Who has not seen the stage dancer with arms half again as long as is humanly possible, and apparently boneless? No anatomical drawing of these arms can give the true sensation, and thus when Mr. Nevinson wishes to convey an expression of movement he does not hesitate to use this phenomenon of visual distortion, and rightly. In "Very Lights" we have the still landscape, but the transport wagon slants forward, yet it moves; and in the "Nerves" the slight distortions of the men give their balance on the

insecure cross-pieces of the telegraph poles. Again, in "Ramming Home the Big Shell" the rhythmic emphasis on the arms and legs, and in "Reliefs at Dawn" the curving swing of the men's bodies give the pictures an urgency otherwise unattainable.

It is the energy and the variety of war which are here shown; it is the complex organism which goes to make up a modern army. As the saying is, these pictures speak for themselves; before them one is no longer a spectator, one is a partaker, one is brought into a far closer touch than mere imagination will bring one. It is part of the power of a good artist that one draws from his personality to augment one's own, becoming in part the artist himself, and this power of identification varies as the power of the artist and the susceptibility of the onlooker. Nevinson has the power of compelling this identification.

We cannot see this whole globe of war at present any more than we can see the whole of this earth; for, in fact, the globe of war and this earth are to-day one; it is beneath our feet, impenetrable. But as time goes on and it recedes, those who come after us will see it as a whole, and later as a star in the dim sky. They will be able to decide upon it; they only will be able to say whether at its heart burns a pure white fire for the regeneration of man, or merely an evil red Martian flame of mutual hates and desires. I cannot but think that the work of our artists, writers and poets will enormously influence this decision, and I think that Mr. Nevinson has earned already a high place among these witnesses for the future generations.

JOHN SALIS.

UNDERCURRENTS

See, how under froth and bubble, where the waters onward sweep,
In the Rivers' hidden channels flow the currents still and deep;
So in Friendship mirth and laughter, light as foam that floats above,
Only serve to veil the flowing of the deep strong tides of love.

MADGE M. ELDER.

HOW TO GROW TOMATOES IN THE OPEN

FOR many years it has been rather taken for granted that Tomatoes cannot be profitably grown in the open, or, at any rate, in the more southerly counties. In this article I hope to show how it can be done; and my object is to induce people to try to produce as many of these most useful fruits as possible.

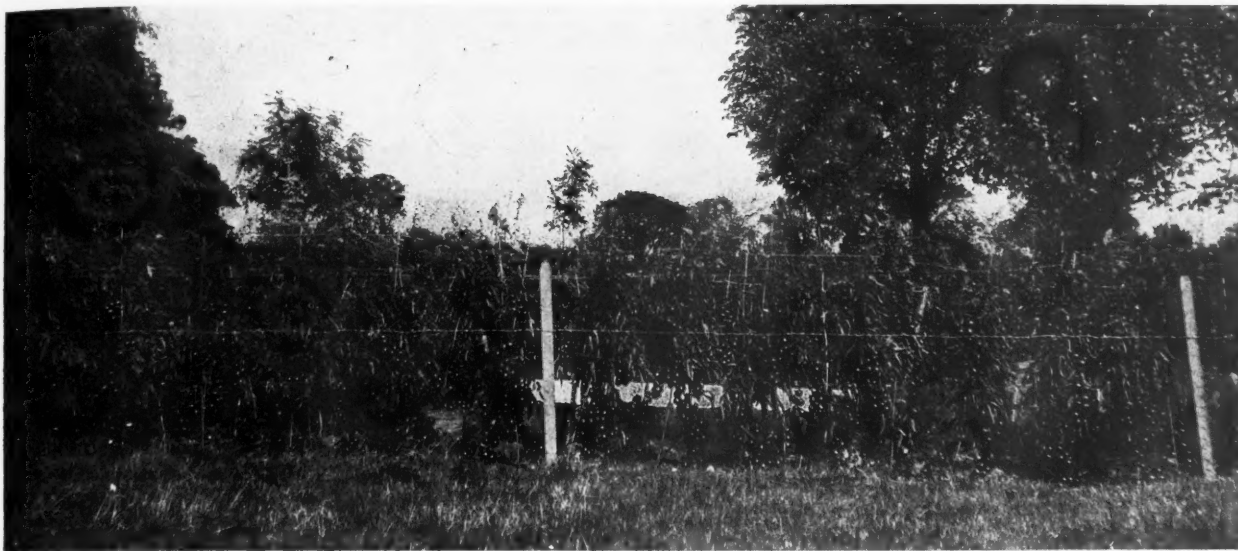
Before I go any further I should like to say that I am addressing these few words to *all classes*. Do not let the rich man or woman say, "I have enough for my own needs already, so need not grow any more." Let me remind such that *there is a war on*, and that it is the duty of everyone, old and young, rich and poor, to make it their business to grow something in the way of food, and especially to *put their surplus on the market*. Some, perhaps, will say, "I do not wish to sell my produce as I do not need the money." Such people evidently do not realise the food situation at all, or are selfish "slackers"!

May I suggest an easy way for people with suitable advantages, such as greenhouses, frames, etc. Raise a lot of seedling Tomatoes, pot them up, and later on sell what you cannot find room for, possibly through the village shop, at a cheap rate; the proceeds, if wished, could go to the Red Cross. Above all, get a move on now, as there is no time to waste, and the earlier your seedlings are up the sooner will you have the fruit and the more you will get. I find the villagers here are great Tomato eaters, and very much appreciate being able to buy them close at hand and cheaply; also they are glad to have a few plants for their gardens.

Those who have large gardens or allotments and who cannot raise their own seedlings, owing to lack of heat, should at once go to the nearest nurseryman and bargain with him for so many plants to be delivered as soon as all fear of frost is over. These plants should be flowering or even showing small Tomatoes when handed over to the small-holder or cottager, and they must not be tall, lanky plants, but sturdy and short, showing that they have been properly grown and not drawn up by overheating.

For the benefit of those who have not raised seedling Tomatoes I will describe the manner in which I have grown them. First of all procure a box about 6ins. deep, make some holes in the bottom for drainage, and then three parts fill it with good leaf-mould (not too finely sifted) mixed with a little sand. Flatten this out with a piece of wood or glass so as to make a fairly firm and even surface, and then sow the seeds *thinly*. Cover, just so as to hide the seeds well, with some more of the sandy leaf-mould, and press again with the wood or glass; after which all that remains to be done is watering with lukewarm water through a fine rose. The box must then be placed in the warmth, covered over with glass. It is difficult sometimes for the amateur to find a warm enough place to make the seeds germinate, supposing there is no greenhouse or heated frame handy. I have raised mine in a hot airing cupboard. The seeds will start growth in a few days, when they should be removed to a cooler part of the kitchen, and as soon as possible after the seedlings are really up they must have as much light as possible. I take mine to a slightly warmed greenhouse, where they will do well until potting up time. As soon as they have grown the first true Tomato leaf I shall replant each one in a 6in. pot, using as good and leaf-mouldy a soil as I can get, and again adding a little sand. While potting, it will be found that the young plants are very tender, so care must be taken not to break the stems when replanting. But at the same time the soil (especially round the edge of the pot) must be pressed fairly firmly. No doubt they will again want repotting into larger pots before they can safely be put in the open air; or if pots are scarce and there is a large and deep frame handy they can be planted out in it and gradually hardened off by leaving the lights off in the daytime. In replanting from the frame to the garden great care must be taken not to disturb the roots; large balls of earth must be taken with each plant, and, of course, they must be well watered in at once.

It is quite advantageous to plant Tomatoes on new land; in fact, the plants in the photographs were grown on land not even once turned over. The turf had been merely pared off



THIS WAS THE RESULT OF MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT TOMATO GROWING.

with a plough and removed to a heap, which afterwards proved very useful for growing Vegetable Marrows. This land was infested with wireworms, which made great havoc with some Lettuces I planted; but not one Tomato plant did they touch.

For the final planting I merely opened out holes in the undug ground and planted my Tomatoes *without any manure*. In a little while they had become "stocky" plants and were showing flowers, and as soon as I saw the flowers had "set" I put some manure round them. One of the best things to give Tomatoes is soot-water, made by putting a bag of soot in a tub of water, and watering the plants with this when it is nearly black; but this should only be done about once a week, giving rain-water in between when necessary.

Having got the Tomatoes planted, the next thing is to get them staked, so as not to disturb any roots by running stakes into them after they have started growth in the new soil.

Bamboo canes can be used, but are now very expensive, and, on the whole, are not as good as ordinary stakes, as they are likely to bend with the weight of the fruit; also, they are not strong enough to stand up against a strong wind.

The young plants must be constantly attended to as they continue their growth, and all side shoots taken out as soon as they appear, so that the plant only has the one stem. This should be tied up to the stake every 6 ins. or so; but care must be taken not to bruise the tender top of the plant. When the plants have about five bunches of fruit set the top must be pinched right out, so that all the strength will go to the fruit and not to making more growth.

When the fruits are ripe the grower must gather them with the small piece of stalk which belongs to each Tomato; do not break off the fruit without the small stalk, or you may tear the flesh and so cause it to go rotten. If gathered properly it will keep a long while.

Later on in the year, when the larger portion of fruit has already been gathered, it is well to keep a sharp look-out on the weather. If

there are any signs of frost, gather all the fruits at once, without hesitation. One real frost on the fruits will start them going rotten as time goes on, although very little sign of it may be noticed at the time.

Having got the fruits under cover, the best way to ripen them is to put them in shallow boxes, one on the top of the other, in some room where the temperature does not vary much. In quite a

short time it will be found that some of the fruits are turning pink; these can then be removed and placed either in the sun or in a slightly warmer atmosphere, such as the top shelf of the kitchen dresser. Here they will soon become a real red, and fit either to sell or to use at home. No doubt the flavour will not be so good as that of those ripened in the open; also some may become slightly shrivelled, but they are well worth the trouble entailed, as even the shrivelled ones cook well.

Last year I managed to produce a quarter of a ton of fruits, and hope to do better still this year, as I am ordering 100 plants from a nurseryman as well as sowing seed of my own. Last year I only had what plants I could raise myself.

Those who do not keep either pigs or horses may like to know of a cheap and profitable way of getting sufficient manure for their plants. Keep geese! Twelve geese will produce a ton of manure in a year, and it is excellent manure for Tomatoes. A few goslings bought in the spring will repay their owner several times over for the slight trouble of looking after them; but there must be plenty of grass for them to eat, and if a pond is not available, there must always be a good supply of water in a tub or bath let into the ground. This must be kept as clean as possible for the geese, but at the same time the water from the bath will be invaluable liquid manure for the Tomatoes, as well as the more solid manure which is cleared from their sleeping quarters.

L. O. NORRIS-LLYE.

[We are always pleased to publish the experience of an amateur, in the hope that it may encourage others to follow suit. In all probability it would be better to purchase sturdy plants from nurserymen rather than to attempt to raise seedlings in a hot-air cupboard, as our correspondent has done. In many districts the local nurseryman raises seedlings of vegetables, including Tomatoes, for the purpose of supplying garden workers; and similar work, we are pleased to say, is also carried out in some private gardens. It is a most commendable practice, and if more widely adopted it would lead

to a great increase in production of food crops in small gardens and allotments. As stated by our correspondent, the Tomato does not require to be planted in a rich soil. This would lead to vigorous growth at the expense of fruit. The Tomato requires manurial aid when the fruits are swelling, and for this purpose surface dressings of dried poultry manure mixed with loam are of great value.—ED



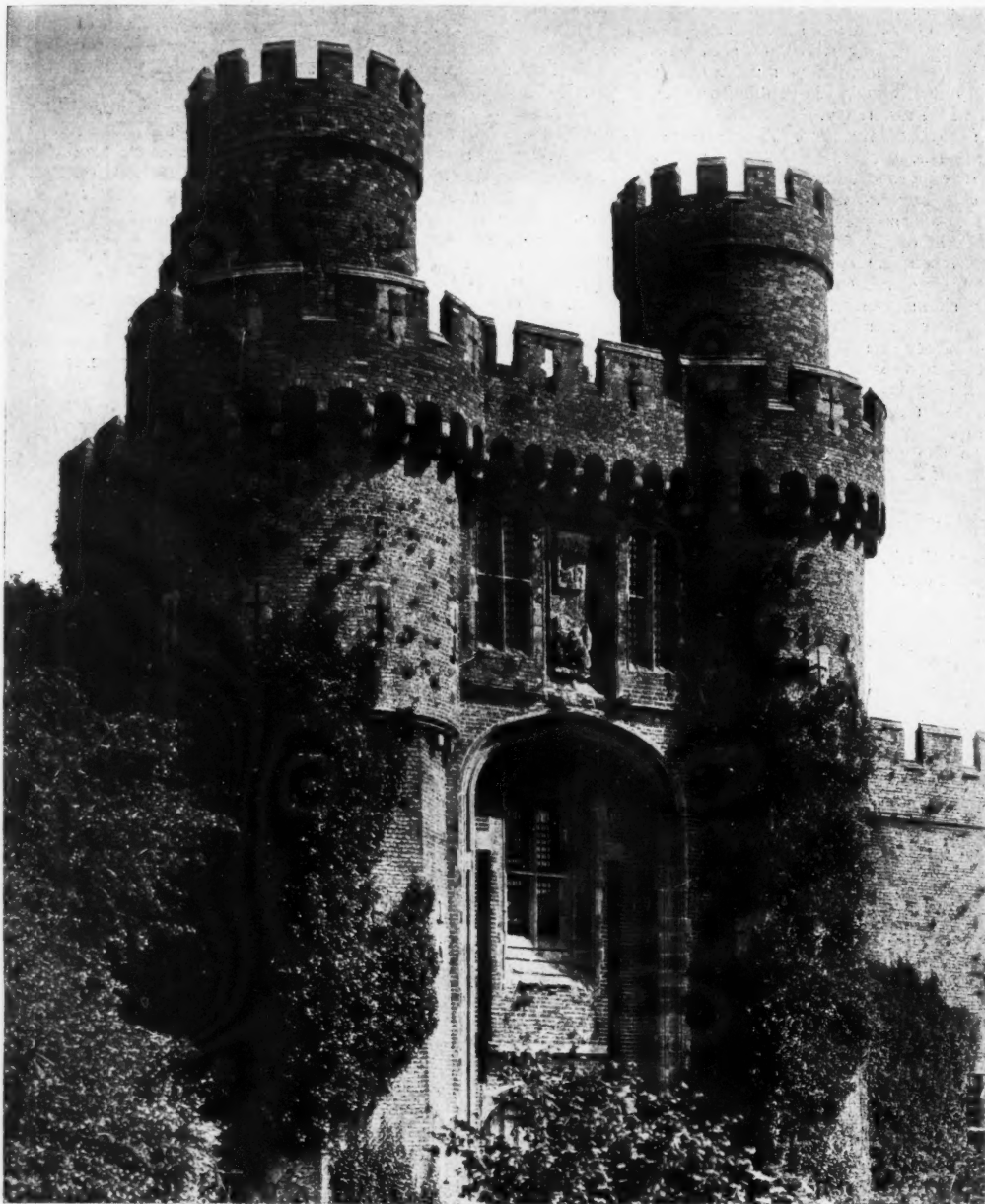
SOME OF THE FINEST BUNCHES.



THE history of Herstmonceux Castle has often been written, the classical account of it being the paper by the Rev. E. Venables in the fourth volume (1851) of the "Sussex Archaeological Collections," from which many of the facts hereafter set down have been drawn. Up to 1440 there had only existed a manor house, "a capital messuage," on the estate, but in that year Sir Roger de Fiennes obtained the King's licence to crenellate (*licentia kernellandi*), and thereupon the castle was built which its unworthy owner in 1777 disroofed and despoiled. Without delaying over the pedigree and accomplishments of the well known family of Fiennes, suffice it here to state that about the middle of the reign of Edward II Sir John de Fiennes

married Maud, heiress of the de Monceux family, and thus obtained possession for himself and his heirs of the manor now in question. His great-grandson, Sir Roger, was the castle builder. He was born in 1384, fought in France under Henry V at Agincourt and elsewhere, became Treasurer of the Household of Henry VI, and died after February, 1445(6). He was succeeded by Richard, his son, who married, when she was aged about thirteen, Joan, a daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Dacre. On the death of her sister without issue, Joan became heir to her grandfather, Thomas Lord Dacre who died in January, 1457(8). Henry VI summoned Sir Richard to Parliament as a Baron in October, 1459, in right of his wife. A descendant of Sir Richard and

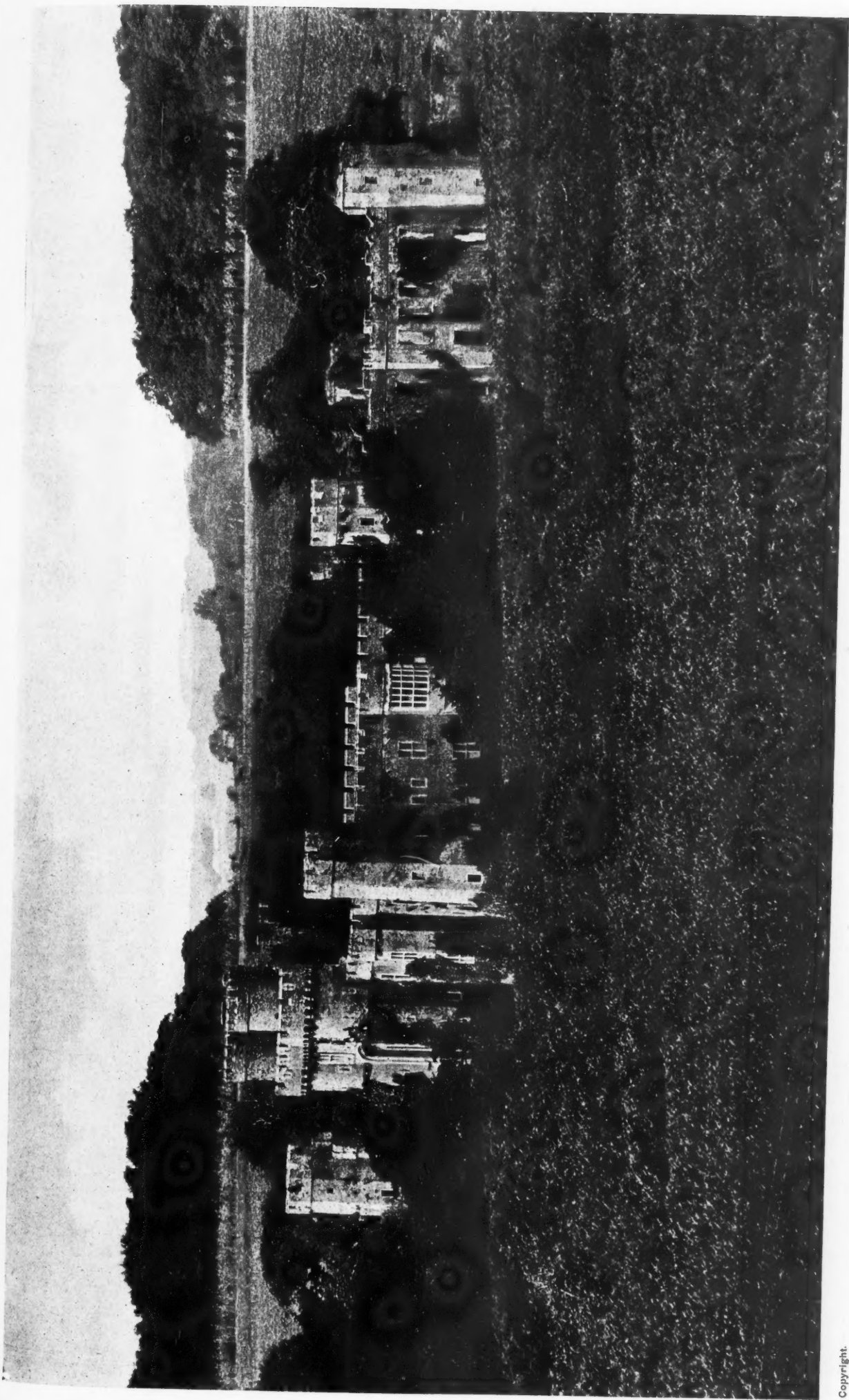
his wife Joan, Margaret Fiennes, or Fynes, married Samson Lennard of Chevening, Kent. On the death of her brother, Gregory Lord Dacre, in 1594, Samson claimed the title of Dacre in right of his wife. After the case had been before both Elizabeth and James I for some years, Margaret died in 1611(2), and her son, Henry Lennard, was at once called to the House of Lords as Lord Dacre of the South. He was succeeded by his son Richard Lennard, and he by his son Francis. The eldest son of Francis was Thomas Lord Dacre, who was created Earl of Sussex on marrying Lady Anne, the illegitimate daughter of Charles II and the Duchess of Cleveland, and he it was who sold Herstmonceux in 1708 to Mr. George Naylor of Lincoln's Inn, who paid £38,215 for the estate. His heir was Francis Hare, son of his sister and her husband the Bishop of Chichester. He neglected the Castle, and dying, left it to his half-brother the Rev. Robert Hare, by whom, under the advice of his German second wife and Mr Samuel Wyatt (a name of evil architectural omen), the castle was disroofed and gutted, the



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THE GATE-HOUSE TOWER.

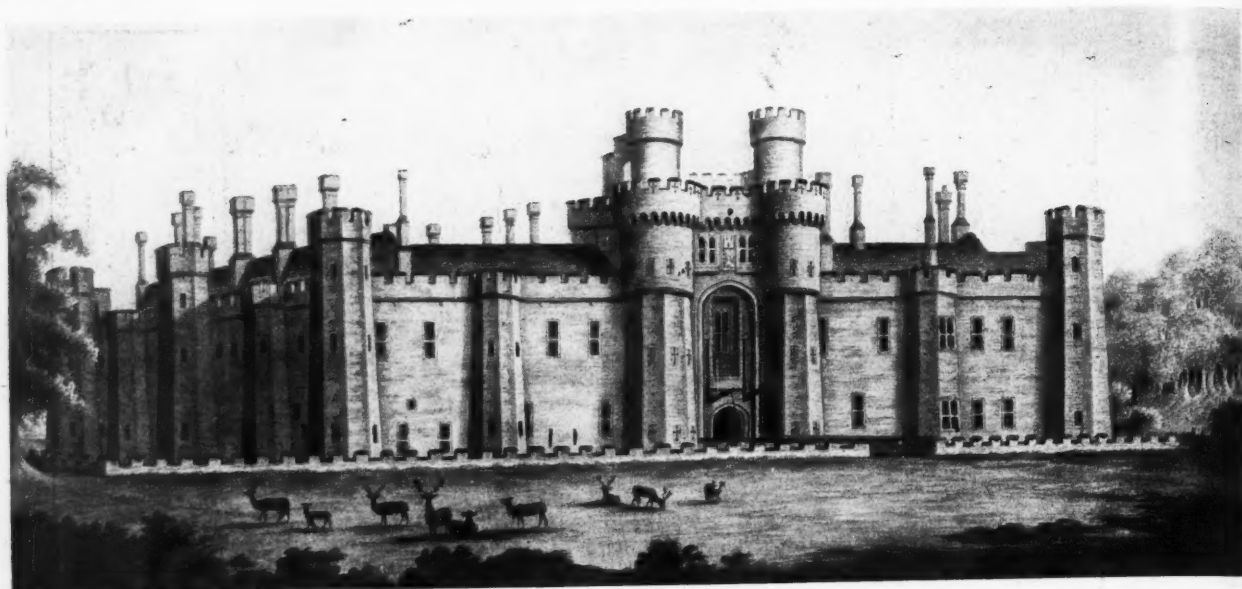
"COUNTRY LIFE."



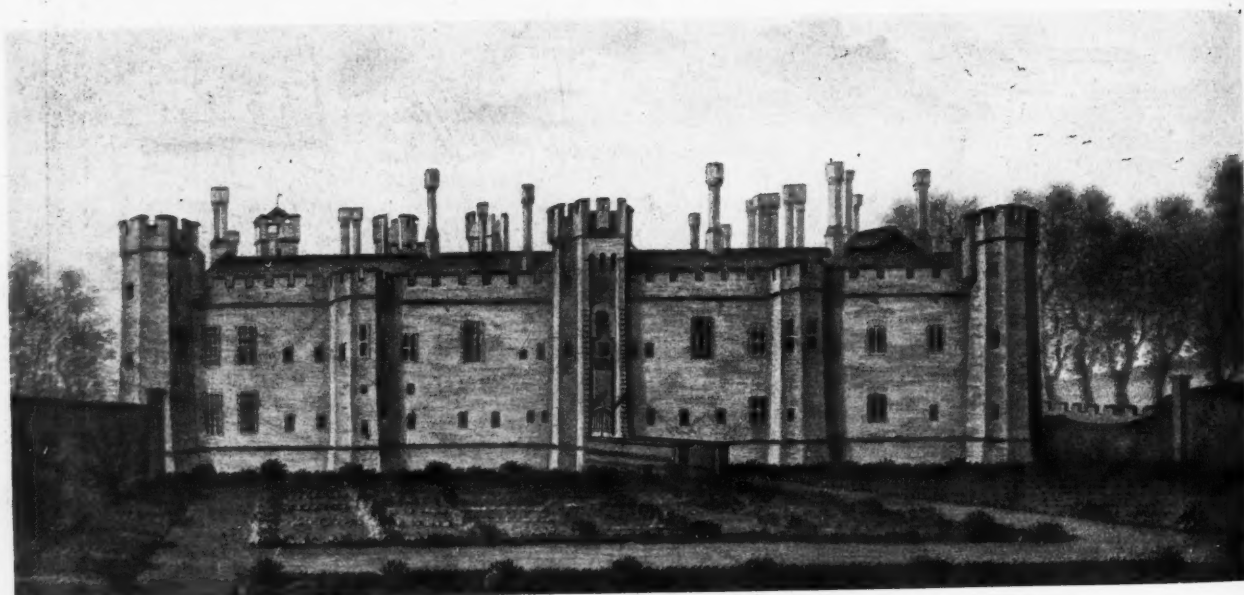
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HERSTMONCEAUX CASTLE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'



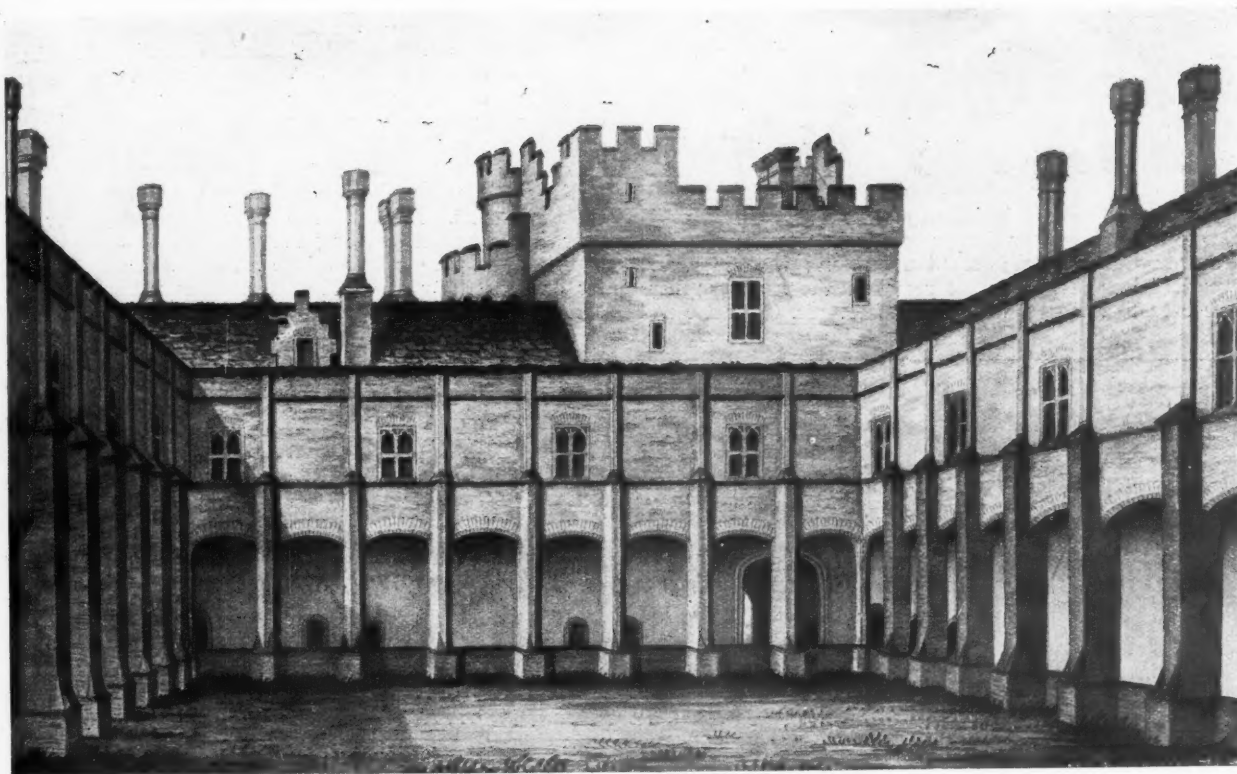
THE SOUTH-WEST VIEW.



THE NORTH FRONT.



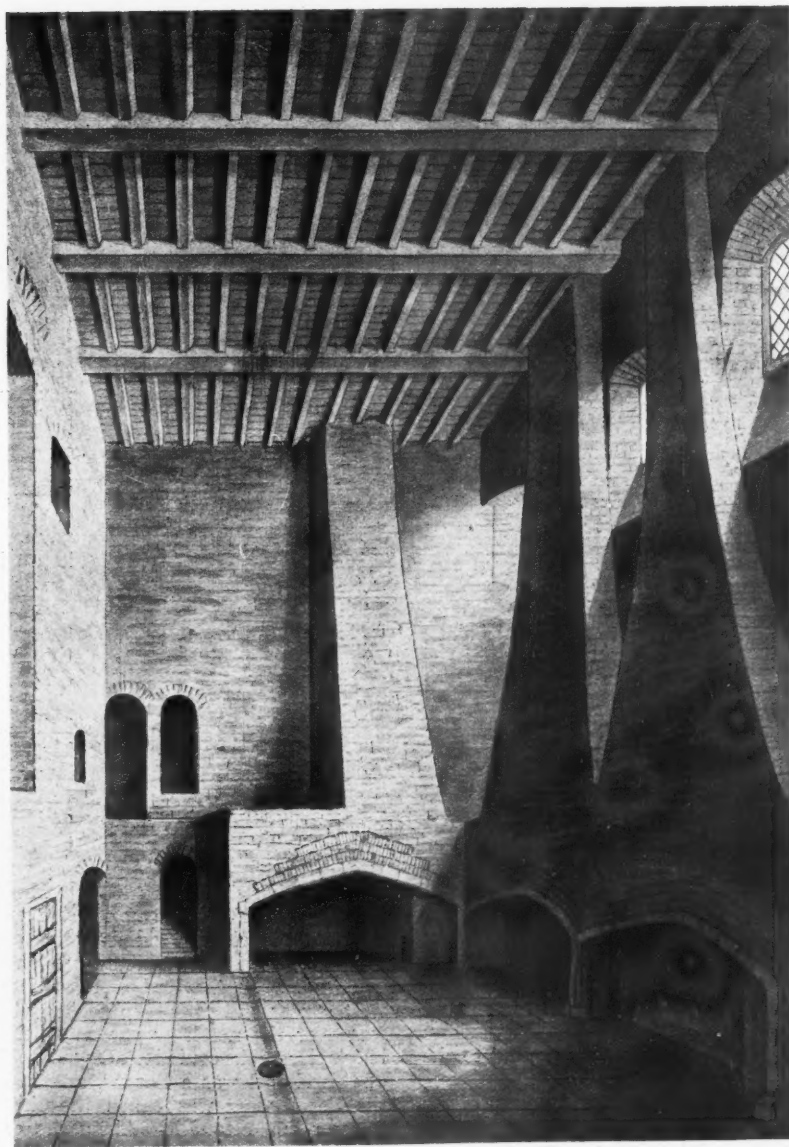
THE SOUTH-EAST VIEW.



SOUTH VIEW OF THE GREEN COURT.

materials being used for the extension of a mansion house on the west side of the park. This was done, as aforesaid, in 1777. The building remained a ruin till the other day.

Herstmonceux Castle is built of brick and is one of a notable group of brick castles, all of about the same date. They include Tattershall in Lincolnshire (finished in 1449), Faulkbourne (licensed 1439) and Heron, both in Essex, and Middleton and Caister in Norfolk (both before 1460). The respective builders of these residences were Sir Roger Fiennes, Lord Cromwell, Sir John Montgomery, Sir John Tyrrell, Lord Scales, and Sir John Fastolf. All these men had distinguished and enriched themselves in the French Wars. Their castles were paid for out of the ransoms of French knights. Thus Sir John Fastolf having captured the Duc d'Alençon liberated him on his undertaking to build a castle for Sir John in England like his



THE KITCHEN.

own at Verneuil. These brick buildings were in England a new type, which was not Flemish but French, and they are characterised by a diaper pattern in black brick which at that time was common in the part of France occupied by the English. The bricks were not imported, but made here, the names of recorded brick-makers at that time being English. So much for the circumstances in which Herstmonceux Castle came into existence.

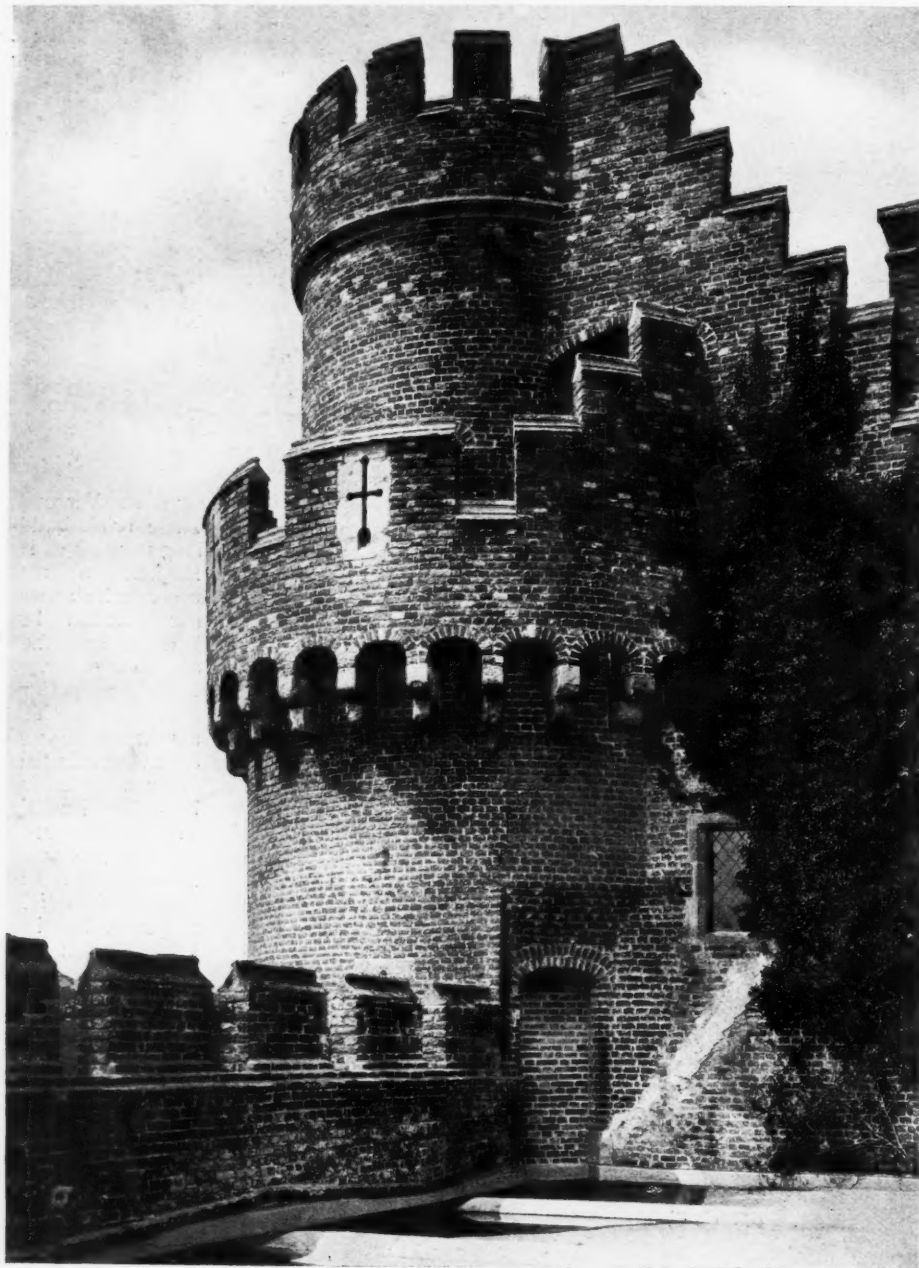
No living person remembers it other than a very dilapidated ruin with its external walls and towers fairly preserved, but little more than foundations within. Fortunately we are not dependent on excavation and inference for knowledge of its complete state. A set of plans and coloured drawings was made for the last Lord Dacre in 1776 by James Lambert before the destroyers got to work. The volume containing these plans and drawings

is in the possession of Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard of Belhus, and has been kindly lent for the purpose of this article. We also possess a written description from the pen of Horace Walpole, who visited Herstmonceux in August, 1752, and found it "as perfect as the first day." I compress the remainder of the passage: "It is a square building with a porch and cloister very like Eton College and the whole is much the same in taste. There are three little courts for offices but no magnificence of apartments. One side has been sashed and a drawing and dining-room and two or three rooms wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex. The chapel is small and mean; the Virgin and seven long lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows; there have been four more; we actually found St. Catharine and

of arms for him, and it is now in one of the windows at Belhus, Essex, where Lord Dacre placed it.

The principal front of the Castle faces south and has been preserved in fair completeness. In plan the whole was approximately square with polygonal towers at the four corners rising above the wall level and with smaller towers the same height as the walls breaking the curtain at intervals. There is also a great double gate-house tower in the middle of the south front, and a less massive single tower opposite in the north front. Each of these latter protected drawbridges over the moat, which was originally a wide ditch on three sides, expanding on the east into a lake which was drained away as far back as the reign of Elizabeth. The rising ground to east and west, now open, was covered with thick woods,

and the ways to the Castle led along avenues. One who now enters through the great gate comes into a large courtyard: it was very different in the old days. Then the area within the outer walls and the range of chambers backed against them, so far from being open, were choked with buildings lighted from four small courts. The largest of these, the Green Court, was surrounded by a cloister, the grassed area included being about sixty feet square. It had, what we should call, a very collegiate appearance. A dozen doors opened out of it into so many rooms or passages. The great gateway gave access to a corner of the cloister. The door of the great hall was right opposite and that of the chapel in the far right hand corner; the other rooms were all for services of one kind and another. Behind, and backed against the hall, was the butler's pantry court, and a gabled building containing the great staircase added in the reign of Elizabeth. We have thus accounted for the east or right half of the Castle, except the rooms beyond the chapel and against the east wall. These were parlours and, like the great staircase, were reached by a long and dark passage out of a corner of the cloisters. The remaining, or west, half was devoted to the catering departments, laundry, brew-house, bakehouse, kitchen and larder against the outer wall; dairy, cellars, etc., opening on to two more little courts, the Pump Court in front, the Chicken Court behind. A view of the interior of the great hall has been preserved, looking toward the screens. The lower part of the walls was panelled, but the timberwork of the roof was not very fine in design. The small chapel



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DETAIL OF GATE-HOUSE TOWERS.

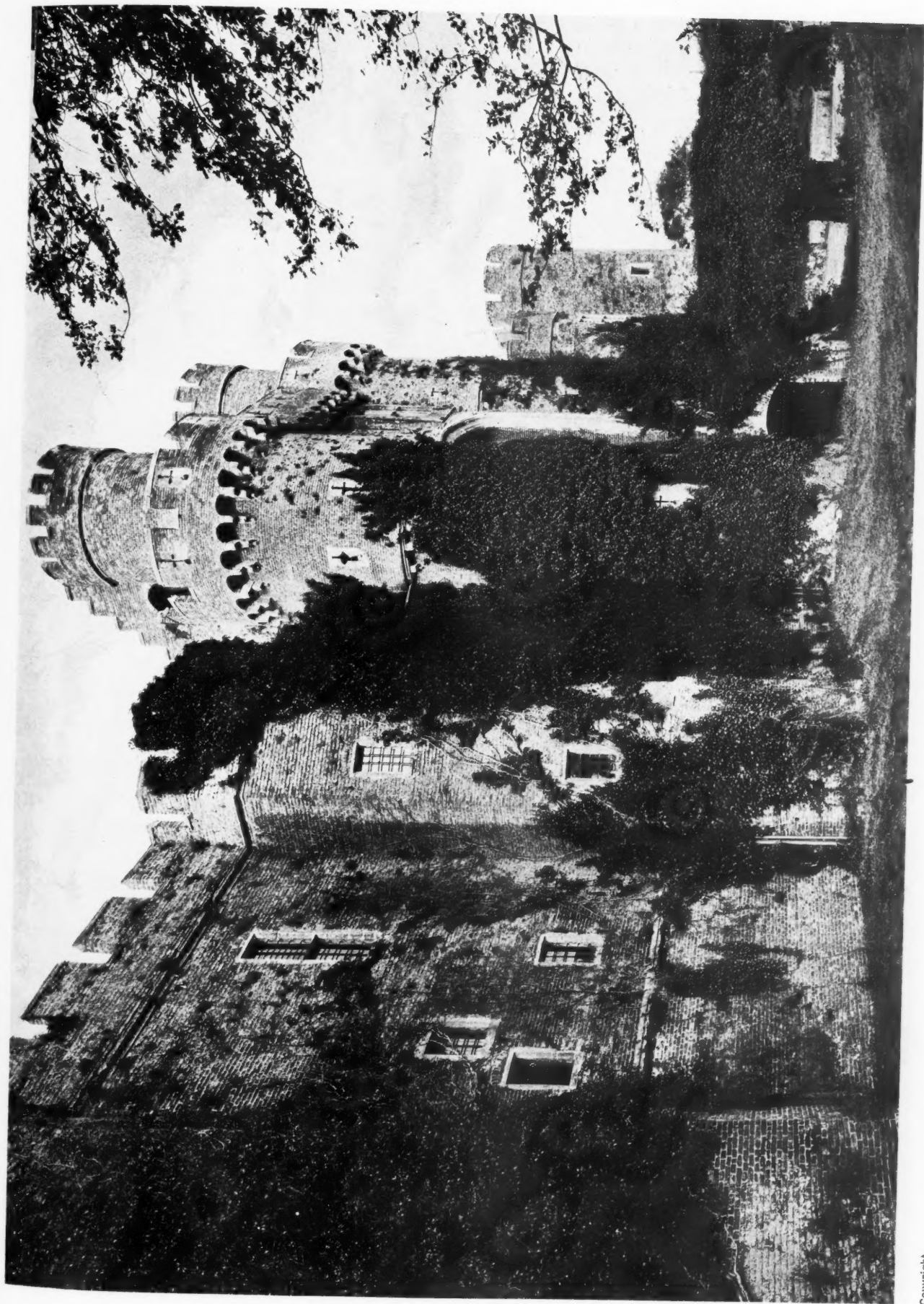
"COUNTRY LIFE"

another gentlewoman with a church in her hand exiled into the buttery. The outside is a mixture of grey brick and stone that has a very venerable appearance. The drawbridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of socage and under such goodly tenures. They showed us a dismal chamber, which they call Drummer's Hall and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it. In the windows of the gallery, over the cloisters, which lead all round to the apartments is the device of the Fienneses."

In the east window of the chapel were the arms of Sir Roger Fynes, the builder, and his wife Eliz Holland. When the Castle was being pulled down in 1777 Thomas Barrett Lennard Lord Dacre desired Mr. Hare to preserve this coat

was dignified by a bold eastern apse-like bay which still exists; otherwise it was not remarkable. The rooms on the ground floor along the north side were unimportant.

Upstairs the principal apartments faced the north and east, and the great staircase was in the north-east corner. The rooms of the lord and his lady were in the north-west corner and ended up against the private chapel which was over the north or garden entrance. From one of the lady's closets she could look down into the great kitchen. East of this chapel was a library, and in the north-east angle of the Castle what was called the Chintz Room with a small tower room out of it. Along the east side came first the drawing-room, then the best bedchamber and south of the principal chapel a breakfast-room and the lady's bower,



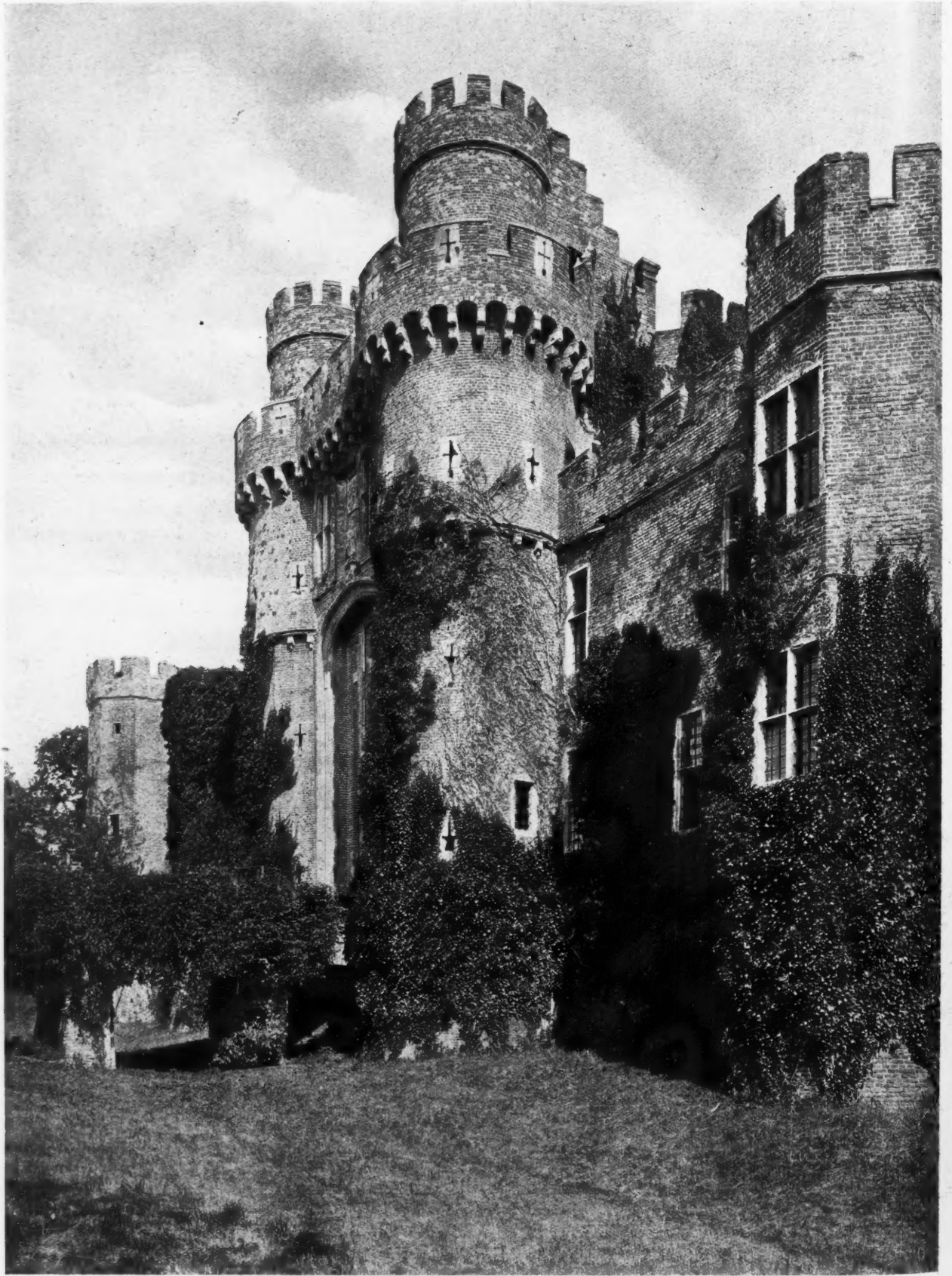
FROM THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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marked by the beautiful mullioned and transomed bow-window which still exists and forms a marked feature on the east front. Curiously enough the rooms facing south were all unimportant. That over the great gateway was called the Drummer's Hall. A recess in the wall contained

which contained a clock and bells is gone. Passages connecting the various rooms were known as the White, Green, Yeoman's, Bethlem, and Armour Galleries, of which the two first named were chief. The Green Gallery was hung with green cloth and with many paintings. Five small bedrooms opened



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FROM THE MOAT—SOUTH-EAST VIEW.

COUNTRY LIFE.

a treasure over which a ghostly drummer watched. It was discovered and removed by a steward and thenceforward the drum was silent. There was another room above it. Some of the smaller towers were fitted up as dovecotes; a more elaborate tower remains over the chapel, but the turret

out of the Bethlem Gallery, each with a fireplace. They were called the Bethlem Chambers, "which, it would seem probable from an example of a similar designation in Sheen Place, derived their name from being set apart for the lodging of strangers."

The great staircase was built and the adjacent rooms on the ground floor were decorated by Samson Lennard in the reign of James I. The walls of the staircase were frescoed; the rooms were fitted with fine armorial chimney-pieces, perhaps still existing elsewhere. These were the

rooms whose windows were "sashed" and walls wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex, the woodwork being adorned with carvings by Grinling Gibbons, which the Hares removed and inappropriately set up in Herstmonceux Place, where it is said they may still be seen. MARTIN CONWAY.

THE LEDBURY

[The decision of the M.F.H. Association to bring the hunting season to an end to-day (March 2nd) was come to on account of the great need for conserving all available supplies of cereals. In the following article we give some account of a Hunt well known for its varied and exciting country.—ED.]

THE story of the Ledbury Hunt is that of many hunting countries, and is, indeed, much like that sketched out for us in the first chapter of "Handley Cross." At the close of the eighteenth century we find a certain Mr. Roberts (probably a parson with a love for hounds) hunting foxes in the country. It is the tradition that in his time there was one of those long journeys which our grandfathers seem to have had after the foxes of their day. This run is said to have covered fifty miles of country and the Master killed his horse at a fence. It is recorded that he killed another horse at the same place in the following season. It was probably want of condition rather than the pace which seems so often to have been fatal to the horses of those days. Then there was a period during which the Ledbury had no history but a great deal of hunting. It was always a farmer's hunt and was, when I visited it a good many years ago, rather famous for hard-riding farmers. For many years the country was hunted by trencher fed packs. But in 1829 a Mr. Giles took the country and hunted it for twenty seasons, showing good sport. Then for many years the Hunt went on quietly, apparently not very desirous of publicity, but in consequence of its nearness to Gloucester and Malvern attracting some strangers and making a circle of friends outside its own limits. Some of these came to stay at the quiet but pleasant town from which the Hunt takes its name, and there are many hunting men who have pleasant recollections of The Feathers, which was, when I knew it, a charming old-fashioned hunting

inn with a kindly landlord who knew all about hunting and the needs of hunting men. Just at first sight there are forbidding features about the Ledbury country. Those whose first view of the Hunt is from the Malvern Hills will shrink from the prospect of climbing these hills, perhaps dread even more their descent, or riding along those narrow paths by the side of them, along which Will Haynes used to gallop as though he acted on the principle of the old huntsman who, when his second whipper-in expostulated that if he carried out a certain order he might break his neck, retorted: "Who ever heard of a second whip having a neck?"

Even when we ride through the vale our pleasure at the sight of the level grass pastures and flying fences is modified by the knowledge that many of the fields are divided by "commission" drains and "rhenes," many of which no horse can jump, and most of which few riders care to attempt. It is one thing to jump this sort of place in hot blood when we are riding in a strange Hunt, but quite another to have them on the bill of fare every day that we are in our own best country. Lastly, there is the Severn, which is occasionally crossed by hounds, and the field have to make for the nearest bridge or ferry. Besides these obstacles, there are rivers and brooks, jumpable and unjumpable, and the man who would ride to hounds will even, if he takes the ordinary fences as they come, need to own a horse bold 'at water and to have the heart to send him at it. There are, too, some big woods, strong, deep and forbidding. With



"FULL CRY." THE LEDBURY VALE.



"JACK THE WHIP IN AMBUSH STANDS."

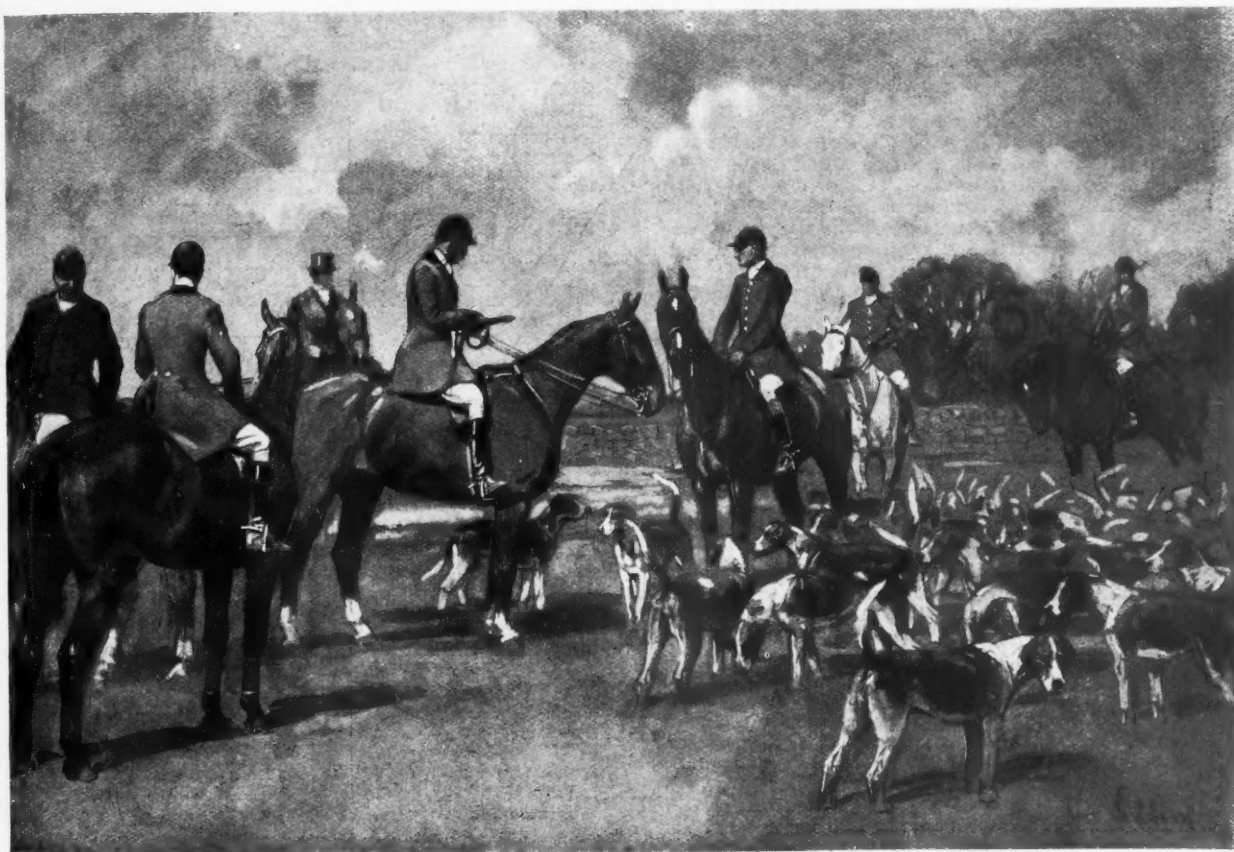


WILL BATCHELOR DRAWING A COVERT.

the Ledbury proper we do not see so much of these nowadays, for in 1905 Mr. Twinberrow built kennels at Suckley and now hunts some of the woodland country. But those who have hunted in the Ledbury know that these woods hold a very stout race of foxes and that throughout the history of the Hunt some of the best runs have been from these coverts.

It is clear that the artist whose sketches we have reproduced has drawn for us the best of the country, for we look in vain for the lofty hills and the shadow of the woods. But although the sketches unfold to us the vale, open, level and fair, yet they do, if we look closely, as they deserve we should, hint that the Ledbury country is deep. Look at the gateway where "Jack the Whip in ambush stands." Here the pools of water, the gate swung back, the rushy pasture, tell of deep going. The quarters of the horses show that much power is needed to lift a horse out of the deep ground over the fences. Indeed, a flippant horse is out of place even in the vale where the fences seldom or never are planted on "Cops," but spring and grow straight out of the soil. A horse should go slowly at his fences, and in many cases he can double them, gaining an additional impetus by dropping his hind legs into the strong growth. Two

is, except in very wet weather, of that light soil which, like the Three Queens in the Belvoir country, does not always carry a scent. In this group, too, is Will Batchelor, who was kennel huntsman to the Grafton, under Mr. Charles McNeill, and was as keen on the flags as in the field. He is by common consent a first-rate huntsman. The two whippers-in are H. Turner and Grant, and on the left (in black) is Mr. Green, one of the sporting farmers who are the backbone of the Ledbury. This brings me to the hounds grouped round this huntsman's horse. The present pack is founded on that purchased by Sir W. Cooke from Mr. Carnaby Foster. When Captain Peacock and Sir George Bullough took the hounds they bought a dog, Baronet, from the North Shropshire. This hound has been of the greatest service to the pack; apart from his qualities as a worker he is splendidly bred. On the sire's side he goes back to Grove Harkaway, and his maternal descent is from Belvoir Dasher. The type and characteristics of the pack have been well caught. We note the power and intelligence, and we know, from their performances in the field, that they have noses, and can speak to their opinion, as in a hilly and sometimes thickly wooded country it is necessary they should do. We sometimes speak and write of hound music as though its principal object was



THE LEDBURY AT STAUNTON.

instances I heard of men and horses coming from flying countries. In one case the horse flew a fairly stiff fence, but landed on the towing path of a disused canal. Unable to stop he sprang at and, of course, into the canal, only to be held fast by the mud. In another case the horse and rider, landing over a fence with a considerable drop on the far side, rolled over and over down a steep slope, there being no damage done to either by good luck.

We have here a sketch of Will Batchelor drawing a covert; the horse he rides is almost an ideal Ledbury horse, deep through the heart, strong in the quarters, short in the back, and with quality. This horse in the picture reminds me of Lord Chaplin's favourite Emperor. There is a sketch, too, of the meet at Staunton. This is in the vale whence they might draw Berrow Wood, a covert which any Hunt might cherish. There is always shelter lying here for foxes, and once the fox is away there is sure to be a good line for two or three miles. Then, if there is a scent, the pack will have settled to work, and they will most probably drive their fox through any covert he may enter. There is very often a scent from Berrow. Staunton is not very far from Down House, Redmarley, where lives the present Master, Sir George Bullough. The country round Redmarley

to delight our ears, or, at least, to tell us where hounds are when we have dropped behind or taken a wrong turn; but, as a matter of fact, the cry of hounds—as the Worcestershire folks say, "I heard the hounds go crying along"—serves to keep the pack together, prevents changes, and helps to exercise that pressure on the fox which keeps him travelling on. These hounds are very fast, as any can see for themselves if they are near enough when the pack are driving along the ridges of the Malvern Hills. It is a saying in the Hunt that for a fox to climb the Malvern Hills on a scenting day is fatal to him, and no doubt it is very pretty to see hounds driving along, but if we happen to have to climb the hills first it is likely enough that hounds will have run clean away from us.

We shall talk of the speed of the run, but for private enjoyment I feel that the poet exactly expresses my feelings when he says:

What care I how fast they be
If I be not there to see.

But the Ledbury foxes deserve a word; they are a very bold race. In other words, they are bred in big woods, and are thus truly wild. They see little of man, and have none of that familiarity with the human race which makes village-haunting

foxes and the cubs native to small coverts such short runners. The Ledbury foxes are not easily headed. I have seen one turned back four times and make his point at last. Nor are they nervous. A friend of mine used to tell me how he saw one go down to a pond and drink leisurely while hounds were in full cry after him. So long did he linger that the leading hounds caught a view and actually coursed him for some distance. He escaped after all. There used to be a tree dweller whose refuge was impregnable to terriers or other means. The terrier, by the way, has always been a useful servant of the Ledbury

Hunt, and many years ago there was a terrier man who (always following hounds on foot) seldom failed to be at hand when he was wanted. There is this charm about the Ledbury, that there is nothing artificial in the sport. The Hunt has grown from the natural combination of neighbours to provide sport for each other, and is the creation of the farmers over whose land it goes. Although strangers are welcome, they must abide by the customs, share in the burdens and, above all, in the enthusiasm of those who are justly proud of one of the best provincial Hunts in England. X.

IN THE GARDEN

FEBRUARY FLOWERS.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

THE season is too mild and in the West, at any rate, one marks so swift an advance to budbreak with misgiving. The Tree Pæonies are almost showing buds, and the Roses flinging great energy into growth that will all be pruned away next month. Rhododendron Nobleum is in full flower, with wonderful pink trusses, deepening to rose at the heart amid the still unopened blossoms, and R. arborea's fat buds promise to show colour in a week.

All the deciduous Hamamelids are out and laden with sunbright bloom, like little yellow spiders on every branch and twig. Last year's leaves still hang russet red on Hamamelis arborea and make a wonderful colour contrast with the blossom. The pink inflorescence of Parrotia persica hangs on the naked boughs, and among the fragrant, leathery foliage of Peumus citriodora are starry clusters of cream-coloured flowers. The fruit is a delicacy in Chile, whence comes this fine shrub, but I think it has never ripened a dessert fruit in the British Isles.

The Camellias, white and crimson, promise well and are laden with heavy bud. This plant is far hardier than most people imagine, and when established in snug, half-shady situations will weather a long frost without injury even to the future blossoms. Pieris japonica also is in full flower and an early Cydonia with dark red flowers is already out, while the white and pink and pale primrose varieties will soon be breaking bud. Edgeworthia's Daphne-like orange buttons tip the leafless branches with sweetness; Pittosporum Tobira is full of fragrant white bloom trusses, and another mild week will see the Cornelian Cherry turn into a tree of gold. Prunus Mume, from Japan, has opened white blossoms, and the pink and white P. Pissardii are showing their delicate beauty. Daphne Mezereum—purple and white—have studded their naked boughs with little stars; and Daphne Laureola will soon open clusters of green flowers in her shining leaf masses. Berberis japonica is in full bloom, and a fairer thing, B. hy. malis, is hanging out long tresses of lemon bells, very fragrant with Lily of the Valley scent. The amber, drooping blooms of Corylopsis are also open.

On the ground the Daffodils are spearing and showing colour; Snowdrops are in flower, and the bees haunt the Crocuses, purple, gold and white. Iris stylosa is full of lilac beauty, and I. reticulata opens its violet and orange jewels to flash in the low winter sunshine. The Cambridge blue variety of this exquisite February flower is also blooming, and Primula Juliae has expanded a precocious blossom or two, while yet the little leaves are only crinkling open.

Pink and blue Lungworts are also abloom, and the greater and lesser Eranthis—the Winter Aconites—are at their brightest. The Hellebores, pink, plum purple and snowy white, seem more than usually splendid; while the great, green-flowered variety is also full of drooping, verdant cups. Of Saxifrages, S. apiculata has its green cushions covered with cheerful, butter-coloured blossoms.

The gardener, however, looks anxiously upon the evening sky, where it reddens behind the storm-thrush on his lofty perch. He, indeed, is singing his love songs, and beneath him the cock blackbirds are already fighting; but six good weeks must pass before we can proclaim spring; and with a few nights of frost and a sleepless east wind the signs of hope may swiftly vanish, many fair things pass untimely and the promise of others be balked of performance.

We often hesitate to walk in our gardens to-day; but let us remember a million gracious men in France are thinking of the February flowers at home, and that it is well among greater duties, for their sake, to tend the things they care about.

CROPPING A TEN-ROD ALLOTMENT.

ABOUT this time last year I drew up a cropping plan for a ten-rod allotment. The plan was intended to serve as a general guide, more especially for those who were cultivating allotments for the first time. It came as a very agreeable surprise to find that a number of allotment workers—with the aid of a surveyor's tape—had followed the plan in every detail, with very gratifying results. One reader writes to say that by adopting the plan he has been rewarded

with an even distribution of vegetables over the whole season. This is, of course, one of the chief reasons for making a plan. The man who sows and plants aimlessly is almost sure to get a dearth of vegetables at one season and a glut in another.

With a new piece of ground it is a simple matter to work to a given plan, but where the space is occupied with winter greens, Celery, Leeks, Parsnips and so forth, it is sufficient to throw the allotment holder out of his reckoning. We need only take a visit to the nearest group of allotments to observe the waste of space and loss of time that is taking place owing to lack of system in cropping the ground. We see winter greens scattered all over the allotment in such a way that it is impossible to turn over any part of the

ground until a clearance has been made. One of the great advantages of the accompanying plan is that the winter greens are kept together and provision is made for turning up the ground for the winter. This well considered plan—or a modification of it—is being followed by many of the most successful allotment holders in the County of Surrey.

Two crops that are coming rapidly into favour among the allotment workers in Southern Counties are sunflowers and haricots. The former are grown for their seeds chiefly by those who keep poultry, but the latter are cultivated extensively as an article of winter food. The dried beans are stored in tins and the good housewife finds it an easy matter to prepare a nutritious and appetising meal when the meat rations are exhausted.

The allotment worker who has not already done so should make a cropping plan without further delay. It will not be practicable for all plot holders to follow the accompanying plan owing to varying shapes of the plots and the difference in individual requirements, but this plan will pay for close attention, and if the general principle is followed it may enable the allotment worker to get more out of his plot than he otherwise would. This plan is drawn up for an allotment 27ft. by 102ft., but owing to exigencies of space it is not reproduced here. Six rods out of the ten are devoted to Potatoes in this plan.

Section 1.—Runner Beans one row; sown in May 18ins. from the path. If necessary this crop may be grown in the same position year after year. Runners should be grown at the end of the plot so that other crops are not unduly shaded by them from the sun. One row of Early Snowball Turnips is sown as a catch crop near to the path in early March. These should be used when about the size of billiard balls, before the Runner Beans are staked. A space of 2½ft. is allowed between the Runners and the row of Lettuce. Spinach and Radishes sown in March are grown as

I.	RUNNER BEANS.	
	LETTUCE.	
	PEA, STRATAGEM.	
	BEET, ROUND.	
	CARROT, EARLY HORN.	
II.	BROAD BEANS.	
	PARSNIPS.	
	ONIONS. Four rows.	
	BEET, LONG.	
	TURNIP.	
III.	CARROT, INTERMEDIATE.	
	SHALLOTS.	
	PEA, DWARF.	
	CAULIFLOWER, EARLY.	
	BEANS, DWARF. Three rows.	
IV.	POTATOES. Early kinds Six rows.	
	POTATOES. Late kinds. Fourteen rows.	
	RHUBARB. SPINACH BEET. SALSIFY.	
	JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES.	Frame. Seed bed.
		Rot heap for Marrow.
V.	HERBS.	
	SUNFLOWERS.	

CROPPING PLAN OF A TEN-ROD ALLOTMENT.

catch crops in this space. The Broad Beans are sown in February or early March. It is advisable to keep them apart from the Runner Beans to prevent the spread of black fly which always makes its appearance on the former and is sometimes harmful to the latter. It will be observed that all the crops in this section other than the Runner Beans are for early use. They are gathered in June and July when the land should at once be planted with Winter Greens.

Section 2.—This section is given up to root crops for the main supply. All of the rows are from 1ft. to 18ins. apart. Tap-rooted vegetables should not occupy the same ground two years in succession. Spring Cabbages should be planted after Onions in October, otherwise this space will be clear for digging or trenching in the winter.

Section 3.—At least two rows of Dwarf Peas should be grown on this section. The varieties William Hurst, Little Marvel, Daisy and Peter Pan are four of the best for the purpose, allowing 2ft. between the rows. Of the three rows of Dwarf Beans one should be used for green pods, and two rows left for Haricots. The varieties Dwarf Cluster, Dutch Brown, Evergreen and Canadian Wonder might well be selected. The rows of early Potatoes should be at least 2ft. apart. With the exception of the Beans left for drying, all crops on this section will be removed in June and July, when the land should be planted with Winter Greens, Celery, Leeks, late Turnips and Winter Spinach. A sunny place may also be found in this section for a row or two of Tomatoes planted out in late May or first week in June.

Section 4.—The late Potatoes planted from 2½ft. to 3ft. between the rows should be cleared in October, and the ground turned up rough for the winter.

GROWING VEGETABLES ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

AN Army officer entrusted with the formation of a garden on the western front asks for a few suggestions on the cultivation of vegetables on a plot of ground about 80 square yards. He has plenty of labour and liberal supplies of stable manure. The land is at present a piece of indifferent pasture.

In the first place, we should like to make it quite clear that it is not too late to break up grassland for the procuring of excellent crops this season on land that is broken up

in March. The first thing to do is to skim off the top layer of grass with a sharp spade to a depth of not more than 2ins., then spread the manure over the land. The ground should be bastard trenched. Begin by making an open trench about a yard wide and 18ins. deep, and a clear trench must be kept as the work proceeds, the soil from the first trench being used for filling in when the work is completed. Having taken out the first trench, fork up the subsoil and leave it in a loose condition at the bottom of the trench. If wireworm abounds, the turf should be burnt on the ground; if not, turn it grass downwards in the bottom of the trench on the forked up subsoil. Roots of Couch Grass or Twitch should be picked out, collected in heaps, and burnt on the ground. Do not bring the subsoil to the surface—it is sour and unsuitable for the cultivation of vegetables. The object of bastard trenching, as opposed to full trenching, is to keep the best soil on top, and this is the method so widely adopted by allotment workers at the present time and with such excellent results. The stable manure should be well mixed with the soil as it is turned into the trench. Undoubtedly the Potato is the best crop for such a piece of land in the first year, but it is not the only crop that may be grown on a piece of ground newly turned over. Members of the Cabbage tribe should succeed admirably, provided that strong sturdy plants are put out. Brussels Sprouts planted in May should give good crops from October till February. Broccoli, Kale and Savoys planted in May should also give good returns. Again, French Beans and Runner Beans sown in the open in May should give good and welcome crops. Other vegetables that may be tried with reasonable chance of success are Tomatoes planted out in late May; Onions planted out in April; Jerusalem Artichokes planted out in March; Leeks planted out in April or May; Parsnips sown in March; Shallots planted out in March; Turnips sown in March, April and September; Swede Turnips sown in May; Celeriac planted out in May. It would be unwise to attempt the cultivation of Beetroots or Carrots in the first year, especially if wireworm is present; but where the soil is fairly clean and friable seed of these root crops may be sown in rows 18ins. apart in April or May after the seed beds have been levelled down with a rake. A light dressing of basic slag scattered over the surface of the ground will be helpful. H. C.

LITERATURE

WILKES AND LIBERTY

The Life of John Wilkes, by Horace Bleakley. (John Lane.)

Wilkes and the City, by William Purdie Treloar. (John Murray.)

JOHAN WILKES was born in 1727, the year in which George I died, and he survived by less than twenty-four hours the Christmas of 1797. His life was contemporaneous with a stirring epoch in English history—one that brought to light much of the clay as well as the gold out of which the race is built. In statesmen it developed the magnificent patriotism of the elder and younger Pitt, who stand almost alone as shining examples of a love of country transcending personal aims. They showed, at any rate, that it was possible even in the gross materialistic eighteenth century to pursue the knightly ideal of self-effacement and devotion.

Had they not stood so entirely alone, it might have been thought that John Wilkes had been introduced to supply comic relief. But he was only one of many. In those times one good feature at least was that the "bloods" did not seek refuge in hypocrisy. And among them Wilkes must be numbered. The son of a rich distiller who had been accustomed to drive round in a coach-and-six much in the same way as his successor of to-day "swanks" in a Rolls-Royce or a limousine, he not only shared in the vicious tastes of the golden youth of his day, but acquired fame as one of the first in his circle. The band of rakes who in the mock fellowship which they dubbed that of the Monks of St. Francis turned Medmenham into a bedlam of frantic merriment and unrestrained lust included many of the famous wits and *bon vivants* of their day. Sir Francis Dashwood was the founder, and often entertained Wilkes, when the latter represented Aylesbury, in his mansion at Wycombe, where to this day may be seen in the noseless statues evidences of the pranks thought amusing in the good old Georgian days. It is still a tradition of the district that when the members were on their way to the old house which stood on the site of Medmenham Abbey, doors and windows were nailed down in the cottages and farmhouses, whose inhabitants knew what to expect from the Hell-fire Club. Wilkes was a prime instigator and leader in the band, and his was no merely youthful indiscretion. His lack of a moral standard coloured his whole life. His mother, who remained to the end extremely proud of her son, had to protest in a letter of October

25th, 1771, against his shameless visits to "the infamous Mrs. Gardiner, unhappily situated in my neighbourhood." She complains how much it is to her detriment that he made her talked about by paying visits to this enchantress in "your Sheriff's Chariot." She pleads:

'Tis true that I have the pity of the Neighbourhood (for 'tis publicly talked) which in this case is a sad mortification. I see the fatal Consequences from the loss of Popularity, which will not only disserve the best of causes, but even sink a great Patriot into Contempt. Many of the Midling Class of People (thank Heaven) revere virtue and see Vice countenanced by a Magistrate with double abhorrence, whose duty it is to suppress it. Let me now Conjure you, with the most ardent Parental affection, to bid a final adieu to all Infamous and Ruinous Connections, and *this in particular*.

Sir William Treloar ends his very complete and fascinating account of Wilkes in the City with a couplet from Swift that Wilkes had copied and printed. In it "the very man here speaks." The lines are:

Might the whole world be placed within my span,
I would not be that thing a prudent man.

It would be easy to argue that the crowd was deluded when they made an idol of him, but Wilkes was possessed of many endearing qualities. We find evidence in the unshaken love of his mother and the not less constant affection of his daughter Polly. The correspondence between the two is as delightful as it is intimate. Therein may be found a true picture of the manners of the time. Polly's reputation never came under the shadow of reproach, yet she exchanges witticisms and anecdotes with her father such as to-day are only tolerated in the smoke-room. He was brave morally and physically, as was proved on many an occasion; and it is beyond doubt that he advanced the cause of liberty in this country. The mob which shouted "Wilkes and Liberty" was instinctively in the right. Only it is difficult to make this plain through the fog of history. The saying that "Wilkes was always in the market" had a basis of truth. He took to the pen after profligacy had exhausted his means, and the name of his journal, *The North Britain*, was chosen to aggravate Bute and play upon the unpopularity which fell upon Scotland in consequence of the Jacobite rising of the '45 and other causes. His criticism of the King's Speech, though accompanied by an elaborate explanation that the speech was really the Minister's and but nominally the King's, was correctly understood by George III as an

attack upon him. It was scarcely defensible from any point of view, and yet it opened the way to that independence of criticism which henceforth was to distinguish English journalism. With regard to such matters as Suffrage and Free Trade, he expressed opinions which anticipated those so strenuously debated half a century after his death. The very fact that he was cut to the heart by Chatham's description of him as "the blasphemer of his God and the libeller of his King" showed him to be not wanting in heart. Wilkes always appeals to us as one of those spoiled children found as much in life as in the nursery to whom ordinary codes and rules of conduct do not apply. A strict governor may chide or punish them, but the companions of the child and the contemporaries of the man laugh at the result with an instinct surer than logic. The crowds who shouted "Wilkes and Liberty" felt in their own inarticulate way that be Wilkes what else he might, he had an English heart and an English love of freedom.

Sunbeam, R.Y.S., by Earl Brassey. (Murray, 21s. net.)

THERE have been yachts and owners of yachts, but never another yacht so famous nor owner, *quâ* yachtman, of such renown as the *Sunbeam* and Lord Brassey. And now that that beam has gone near its setting—in the East, uniquely—and the owner has drawn to his haven, it is with a true sense of what is due to them both, that the public which has pride in them, will rejoice in this book—*Sunbeam, R.Y.S.*—the log at once of the gallant little vessel's voyages and Lord Brassey's full and useful life. It was a book which wanted doing, and has been exceedingly well done, for Lord Brassey, besides yachtman and statesman, was the possessor of a style—which does not always distinguish the writings of men who go down to the sea in ships. They see the wonders of the deep; the happy art of making others see them through their eyes is not always theirs. Lord Brassey had it, therefore his record brings distant places and strange scenes vividly before us with a reality which the excellent illustrations of this fine volume greatly assist. But it is all very much more than an account, however brilliant, of ocean travel.

What caught the attention of men in the first instance to this *Sunbeam* was an element of the heroic in the adventures of the little ship of 550 tons register circumnavigating the globe, traversing "the trades, the tropics and the roaring forties." It all has a smack of the doings of Drake and Frobenius and all the glorious Elizabethans who made themselves excessively unpopular on the Spanish Main. The first Lady Brassey was the author of "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," which is one of the most popular books of the sea ever written. The *Sunbeam's* white sails might have seemed the outward and visible sign of that spirit of British enterprise which bound the Empire into one as she sailed into some Antipodean port. And, besides, there was the personality and character of the fine seaman who owned and sailed her. He was statesman as well as seaman, and a devoted Imperialist. He had a tongue with which to preach the doctrines that were near his heart in every port of entry. We have some hint of the worth of this "great little" ship and of her owner to the nation in the earlier chapters of this book—those in which he tells us of the deep impression made upon him by the courage and seamanship of our hardy fishermen in the Northern waters off our coasts when he was yachting round Scotland and its islands. It was this vivid impression of valuable human material not being turned to the best possible national advantage which induced him to take so large a part in the enlargement and better establishment of our National Reserve and, later, in the formation of the Naval Volunteers. We owe a very great deal to Lord Brassey for that energetic crusade. He had the seeing eye, directed with an Imperial outlook, and everywhere that he cruised he had a useful purpose underlying the keen pleasure which dwelt in the salt breezes and the ship doing her best—and a very good best it was, for she gave an excellent account of herself in the great cross-ocean yacht race and was, besides, a very gallant little ship in heavy seas. Even to the last he carried this statesmanlike interest, and we see it expressed in almost the final chapter where he is dealing with that "unrest in India" of which he had opportunity to take notice when he voyaged to Bombay to be the guest of Lord Willingdon, his son-in-law. There he left the *Sunbeam* fulfilling a most useful work of mercy as a hospital ship—a fitting close to her renowned career.

The chapter on which a reader's attention is likely to dwell just now is that in which the author tells us of his visits to Kiel and of more than one rather notable talk with the Kaiser and other eminent persons of the German nation. The Kaiser, it appears, told Lord Brassey that he (the Kaiser) had been gracious enough to give into Lord Lansdowne's hands, on the occasion of a visit to Sandringham, a memorandum specially drawn up by the German Headquarters Staff on the method by which we might improve the efficiency of the British Army. Were ever such high-souled condescension and practical magnanimity blended before! The Queen of Greece spoke to Lord Brassey enthusiastically of her deep love of England; Admiral Tirpitz disclaimed emphatically any idea of an intention on the part of Germany to contest with Great Britain the lordship of the sea. Never before did such satisfactory and complimentary sentiments flow from the lips of such great personages! It was only just before the war that these beautiful things were said. A reviewer is tempted to quotation, but quotation would carry him too far here, for he would hardly know when to stop. The reader must pick his own pieces from the book itself. It will be worth his while. Its interest varies; it never drags. One may think at one moment that the log-book style of entry begins to vex, and just as that thought strikes there is a change to dissertation well expressed and well thought out. Naturally, as a record of travel, the book moves—but it moves at a quicker and more attractive pace than it could have gone had it been mere log-book stuff. It is a great deal more. By way of "auxiliary steam," which is the second motive power of the *Sunbeam* herself, it has the brain of the writer skilfully selecting,

suppressing and arranging, discussing the various scenes with a very vigorous intelligence, and now and then lightening the page with veritable sunbeams of humour. The illustrations and the general "get up" of the volume deserve more than one word of praise, but there is scarcely space to afford them more. Shall we say that they well match the literary context, and so leave them, adequately appreciated?

Per Amica Silentia Lunæ, by William Butler Yeats. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.)

IN a prologue Mr. Yeats attributes his book to the accident of an interrupted conversation. But one feels that it would in any case have been written, for the poet's mentality is not usually such as to allow of easy or utterly sincere self-expression in conversation with any friend, however intimate. And indeed Mr. Yeats confesses as much in his first paragraph, when, reviewing his habitual feelings after intercourse with his fellow men and women, he reflects: "Perhaps I have overstated everything from a desire to vex or startle, from hostility that is but fear; or all my natural thoughts have been drowned by an undisciplined sympathy." So he flees to the refuge of solitude, to the shut door and the lighted candle that make the poet's home; and of course one is glad to read anything that comes of that withdrawal, since it comes from a pen that has so proved its magic in the past. Nevertheless, the book, which is a record of Mr. Yeats' personal beliefs concerning art and life and the region beyond death, is disappointing. Is it, one wonders, because these are all subjects for which one feels that the poet's natural medium is poetry? At any rate, there is some hitch; Mr. Yeats does not quite "get through" to us, does not carry us away on any flood of agreement or irresistible delight. The first part of the book is taken up by a new version of the old argument that a man's conduct and genius are two, and that the former has no connection with or influence over the latter. Mr. Yeats carries this theory a step further, and describes a man's genius as actually his "anti-self" or "opposing virtue," which provokes the challenge: "Then the more vicious a man can contrive to make his life the greater, naturally, will be his art?" To which, surely, the history of genius throughout the ages provides an "everlasting 'Nay.'" The second part of the book deals with matters concerning the spirit world, of which there can be neither proof nor disproof. It is therefore less provocative, yet even here subjects on which the mind of man has always exercised itself in vain are dismissed with a casualness that is rather startling. Take, for example, such a sentence as: "The famous dead and those of whom but a faint memory lingers, can still—and it is for no other end, that all unknowing, we value posthumous fame—tread the corridor and take the empty chair," and it will be seen how many debatable matters Mr. Yeats can in a few words refuse to debate. The chief charm of the book lies in the fact that the poet occasionally gets the better of the dialectician, so that here and there a sentence escapes the cloudy controversial atmosphere, and glows in the skies that belong to Mr. Yeats; as, for instance, "A hero loves the world till it breaks him, and the poet till it has broken faith"; or "The desire that is satisfied is not a great desire, nor has the shoulder used all its might that an unbreakable gate has never strained"; or, best of all, "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry."

Young Madam at Clapp's, by Margaret Baillie Saunders. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

IF anyone wished to find fault with Mrs. Baillie Saunders' latest novel, we suppose that he would be quite well able to do it. The story deals with the will of a dead and gone Esau Clapp, ex-undertaker, who left his estate "down East India Dock way" to his niece, Fanny, under conditions that ensured the founding of a family within three miles of the Commercial Road. Fanny, however, chose to marry a man whose ambitions clashed with those of the late "Squire Clapp," and her distant cousin, Marion Wither, became the heiress. Marion, the Young Madam of the title, is as great a contrast with kindly, outspoken, ignorant Fanny as she well could be; college-bred, æsthetic, superior, a *grande dame* in the making, she fits strangely into the East End setting where Fanny seemed indigenous. However, Marion has a fine enough character for the influences of humanity to avail to rub off her veneer. The ability with which the success of the High Church party in the slums is traced and certain æsthetic teachers of "the poor" satirised, combined with a pretty story and a convincing display of that charm the East End does possess are all to the good. But more than all, Fanny Clapp appealed to the present reviewer as among the best drawn, most consistent and human characters new come to bookland.

"LITTLE CREATURES."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My sister and I were so delighted with the dainty poem entitled "Little Creatures," published in *COUNTRY LIFE* a week or two ago, that we should like to thank the writer (Anne F. Brown). Would it be possible for you to forward the enclosed lines to her? That we know of no other way to reach her is our only excuse for troubling you. Thanking you in anticipation,—FRANCES J. SHORT AND EDITH EVERS.

TO THE LADY WHO WROTE "LITTLE CREATURES."

"Little Creatures," we who love you
Fain would send our grateful thanks
To the bard who sang so sweetly
Of your dainty ways and pranks.

In this hour of world-wide sadness,
When each heart is wrung with pain,
Songs like hers wake notes of gladness,
Speak of joys that still remain.

So we thank the gentle singer
For that flower-like song of love—
And we count its healing fragrance
As a message from above.

F. J. S. AND E. E.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MULBERRY TREES OF JAMES I. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following notes extracted from "Devon Notes and Queries," Vol. V, January, 1909, may seem to you an interesting supplement to your recent article on the mulberry: "Silk Culture in Devon.—In the year 1608 James I made strenuous efforts to establish the industry of silk culture in Devon. By the hands of a French expert he sent into the country 10,000 mulberry trees, which were distributed by the Lord Lieutenant among the landed gentry at a nominal charge of 3d. each. The trees were planted, but the greatly prized white mulberry is said to have perished. In comparatively modern years an attempt was made to cultivate on Dartmoor a tree whose name I cannot recall, but which was intended as a substitute for the mulberry, but this, too, was a failure. Will any reader kindly inform me of the exact locality of any mulberry trees that survived King James's experiment, and also whether any vestiges remain on Dartmoor of the later attempt to cultivate the silkworm in the county? I am especially desirous of learning to what causes the survival of any mulberry tree may be ascribed, and whether any of the white variety still persist.—Signed Y." The only response to the above queries in the journal was from "A. J. P. S.," who gave extracts from the Parish Register of Colyton, Devon, of births and deaths in the family of one John Turner, silk weaver, in the years 1626–28–29, and of John Turner the younger, silk weaver, in 1646. The information sought is, however, given in the "Records of Quarter Sessions, Devon," by A. H. A. Hamilton, published in 1878. "At one time James I had an idea of providing a new employment for the people by introducing the culture of silk. At the Epiphany Sessions of 1608 many thousand mulberry trees were sent down to Devonshire 'for the relief of silk-worms in this countie,' to be divided among such of the landowners as chose to pay 3 farthings apiece for them. The Lord Lieutenant [William Earl of Bath] had a thousand, and many knights and esquires took five hundred each. I cannot discover that any remains of the mulberry plantations now exist in the county. The white mulberry was found too delicate for this climate; but many gardens in South Devon contain one or two large trees of the black species, which may well be as old as the reign of James. It was at this time, no doubt, that Shakespeare planted his mulberry tree." A similar experiment was, according to Mr. Hamilton, tried in his own day by an enterprising Frenchman, who planted a tract of ground near Dartmoor with ailantus trees with a view to introducing the ailantus silkworm, but the scheme had no better success than that of James I. There are three old mulberry trees at Great Fulford, Devon, which I have been told are probably survivals of the planting in James I's time, but these are *Morus nigra*. On the site of the present Buckingham Palace and gardens a garden of mulberry trees was planted by James I in 1609. This was mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, May 20th, 1668: "So he [his friend Creed] and I to Whitehall, and walked over the Park to the Mulberry Garden where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse than Spring Garden, and but little company . . . only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty, but rude."—F. FULFORD.

ECONOMICAL PIG BREEDING. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The effect on pigs likely to result from restrictions on concentrated foods for livestock is that, broadly speaking, the ordinary commercial farmer's or cottager's pig will disappear from this country. The Food Controller says it takes 7lb. of barley meal to make 1lb. of pork, the Board of Agriculture says 5lb. Both statements are wrong. I raise thousands of pigs primarily for pedigree breeding purposes, but all not good enough for this purpose are fattened, and we do not use a single pound of barley meal, and even prior to the war we used very little. The old-fashioned system of feeding pigs on barley meal and sharps, frequently with the rations badly unbalanced, was expensive and wasteful, and can only be justified, or, I should rather say, excused, because the barley meal and sharps could be bought so cheaply that it apparently was not worth while for brains to be used to see that the correct amount of pig was produced for a given amount of food. At the present time the most economical way of producing pork is to have breeding pigs which have had generations of open-air grazing life behind them. This means that you would have pigs that will gain the main portion of their sustenance from grass, exactly the same as sheep and cattle. My experiments have proved that sows can be taken straight from one litter of pigs at the end of April and put upon decent pasture and with 1lb. of feeding stuffs dry per day be ready to farrow again in thoroughly good condition in about four months time, and be able to bring up thoroughly healthy pigs. The dry food given them is varied from 1lb. of beans per day, 1lb. of maize, or 1lb. of cocoanut cake, with 5 per cent. of fish meal, but there are also special pig foods like that supplied by O.C.O., Silcocks, etc., which are generally well balanced, good foods if intelligently fed. The reason so many people have failed to feed with these special pig foods, or a stronger food like cocoanut cake, etc., is because it has been treated as if it were sharps. The feeding of sharps was very easy in the old days because it was practically a balanced ration, it was very difficult to overfeed pigs on it, and it gave the right sort of energy to the pig when eaten; but these stronger foods want feeding with intelligence and, of course, in much less quantity, and must be well balanced with plenty of grass or roots.

When a sow has farrowed my experience is that the cheapest way to feed the little pigs is to feed the sow well, and not expect them to eat anything themselves until at least five weeks old. Then I agree it is a difficulty without good sharps being available, but the foods I have mentioned can be given in small quantities, if possible mixed with some sharps, if not, they must be diluted and fed very carefully; also good, sound roots can be taken by the little pigs in small quantities with impunity, and if they have the run of a meadow it is amazing how quickly they will start to eat clovers and a good grass with advantage. It should then be the aim of the pork producer to bring these pigs fit and well to a weight not exceeding 70lb., and from the time

they are weaned, which I put at twelve weeks, when they should weigh 40lb., the next 30lb. could be put on with an expenditure of not more than 100lb. weight of foods such as I have mentioned; well bred pigs will, of course, do it on considerably less. The present shortage of feeding stuffs should be turned to the country's advantage as much as possible, and automatically the unthrifty and bad pigs made to disappear; but efforts should be made by the Government to keep in existence good pedigree herds so that we shall have a nucleus of breeding stocks for such time as the country is prepared to keep pigs again. Unfortunately, I see no signs of any Government policy at the present time on the matter, why, it is difficult to say, as one would imagine it was a matter of some importance, but in all farming matters any Government policy always seems to be far too late to get a really effective result. Some weeks ago, directly I saw the criticism of the pig by the Food Controller's Department, I wrote to both the Food Control Department and the Board of Agriculture to try to obtain some information as to what the correct policy in regard to pig keeping was, but, up to now, no useful information has been obtained from either department, and, so far as they are concerned, all my pigs would be dead to-day if I had not been able to look after myself by growing and obtaining foodstuffs.

Unfortunately I am not in a position to say from the country's point of view whether it is desirable we should have pig keeping or not; all I have been able to gather from individual departments is that it is desirable to keep and grow pigs if you can do it without taking food that could otherwise be useful to human beings. Personally, my open-air bred pigs have no difficulty in living and doing well on food that is useless for human consumption and, so far, the supplies of this class of food have been forthcoming. Imagine a simple and official pronouncement on the matter could easily be made as to the maximum number of pigs that may be kept in the country and the class of pigs that should be retained, and at what age they may be sent to market to be killed. A few simple instructions of this sort would, I feel sure, be appreciated by pig keepers throughout the country.

There are enormous numbers of people, I see from my correspondence, starting to keep pigs for home consumption, and this is the most economical way of producing large quantities of food by large numbers of individuals, as the bulk of the food for these pigs can be provided by waste from the garden or farm, but in addition to the individuals who want to keep one or two pigs something must be done to keep in existence the large herds of breeding pigs which form the nucleus of supply of good thrifty pigs which are necessary for the purpose of the individual pig keeper. I much fear, however, that the bulk of keepers of big herds of pigs are rapidly giving up. Unless I had turned my attention to producing pork on the minimum number of pounds of food before the war, I am quite certain that I should have gone out of business, but having found out ways and means of feeding and breeding pigs economically I was able to keep going through unprofitable times. But Government help in the way of a policy is badly wanted to give all pig keepers some heart in continuing their undertakings. In a nutshell, therefore, my plans are still to continue breeding as many pigs as possible, and at the present moment the demand is so severe that I am having to take orders in rotation for unborn pigs, everything practically I have for sale, except my own breeding herd, having been disposed of, and hundreds of people who want pigs old enough to breed from are having to be disappointed every week. My advice to people to-day who are trying to get breeding sows and are unable to do so, is to buy young ones which will be ready to breed from next year, because I am quite satisfied whatever the shortage of pigs is to-day, this year will seem like a year of plenty compared with the famine there will be in pigs this time next year.—S. F. EDGE.

BUTTER FROM GOATS' MILK. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I have just read with interest an article in your paper of January 26th, entitled "Butter from Goats' Milk," by Rosslyn Manner, and, am trying to start a dairy for goats' butter, and, if possible, cheese, I wonder if you could tell me the best place where now I could obtain the necessary utensils for such a dairy; or, if you cannot tell me, perhaps you could put me in touch with your correspondent, the contributor of the article to which I have referred.—M. COOK.

[We sent this letter to our original correspondent, and he replies as follows: "The utensils required are just the same as for butter making from cows' milk. Whatever you find really necessary to purchase, such as the churn and thermometer, can be obtained from the Dairy Supply Company, Museum Street, London, W.C. You will be able to judge from their catalogue the size of churn necessary for your requirements. Goat butter can be made equally well in a glass churn or in an ordinary wooden hand churn. Unless more than a few pounds are used weekly by your household and the hand-skimming of the milk would therefore prove too laborious, there is no occasion to buy even a small separator. A friend found that the results from machine separated cream were less satisfactory, so that if hand skimming is at all possible I advise you to have that method adhered to. I presume the produce from your dairy will only be for private use. As pointed out in my article I cannot advise the making of butter from goats' milk as a commercial undertaking. Very delicious "cream" cheeses may be made from goats' milk in the usual way; but I have not made hard cheese from it, although, of course, goat cheese is made in some parts of Switzerland."—ED.]

BATS IN FEBRUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One evening last week I was surprised to see bats flying about in the twilight. I have never seen these creatures so early in the year before, which no doubt was due to the unusual mild weather.—S. T.

[Pipistrelles and long-eared bats (*Plecotus auritus*) are sometimes to be seen flying on warm days and nights in winter. Perhaps our correspondent will inform us if the bat he observed belonged to either of these varieties.—ED.]

HUNTING THE KANGAROO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following is a brief description of this little known and little advertised sport as carried on in the stock country of South Australia. At dawn the camp is astir. The cook lights a roaring fire and prepares breakfast while the horses are being driven in. Half an hour later we are all in the saddle, riding abreast or in single file; the camp cart brings up the rear.



A BABY KANGAROO.

The features of the country where the kangaroo is found are sandy plains varied with gentle undulations and covered with mallee scrub; ridges covered with porcupine grass, with pines on the heights. Ahead go the dogs led by several trained kangarooers, which are taken expressly to hunt for meat for the working dogs. These kangaroo dogs are nothing more than an exceedingly hardy, tough and thick-set species of greyhound—muscular, deep-chested, ruthless-fanged and cruel-eyed. One peculiarity is that they hunt almost entirely by sight. The rest of the canine troop follow trails with their noses to the ground all day in common dog fashion. But the hunting dogs travel with head erect, eyes perpetually scouring the distance. At intervals they pause and seem to be straining every sense to locate their quarry. There is a dignified responsibility, and something quite human about their movements and attitudes. It is a serious business for them. If they catch nothing they have to go supperless to bed, and, what is worse, without breakfast the next morning. Thus we trek along, a silent cavalcade, enjoying our after-breakfast pipes, the crisp morning air and the bright sunlight. Suddenly—very suddenly—with a yelp of delight the kangaroo dogs bound forward. The sheep dogs follow in an excited pack, and do their best to catch up with their fleeter brothers. Soon we detect the strange, somewhat musky odour of the kangaroo, hear the mad yelping of the dogs, and see clouds of dust befogging the landscape ahead. An "old man" is bailed up. We spur on harder than ever. Now we are on the scene. We quickly dismount, tie our horses up and arm ourselves with stout sticks. There he is! standing at his full height—6ft. or 7ft.—with his back to a thick bush, doing his best to defend himself. What a mild and stupid face he has! In his eye is a placid, good-tempered, ruminating expression. What a pity to kill him! But his whole figure and his actions—if they can be read apart from his face—betray surprised bewilderment and indignation as he peevishly tries to ward off the leaping dogs. He does not seem to know what to do. His forearms, with which he is guarding his throat from the furious leaps of the dogs, are now lacerated and red with blood, and the sheep dogs are tearing at his haunches. His courage is rising. He picks out and "goes for" one of the dogs. He is not quick. Bang! down comes the stick on his head, catching him right between the ears. It is a good stroke, and over he rolls literally covered with dogs. That is all. That is the death. That is the end of the monarch of the scrub.

There is danger attached to the sport, especially if one is not a good horseman or a confident scrub rider. A full grown kangaroo, with all his

sluggishness and apparent apathy, can be a terrible foe. The danger lies in his formidable two-toed feet, armed with hard, though not particularly sharp, claws. It is the force of the huge hams behind them, which run into one thick tendon attached with enormous leverage to the heel, that makes him dangerous. I do not think he could give much of a hug. His instinct is to come to grips. As soon as he has got the enemy in his clutch up come the terrible feet, like giant can-openers, and his assailant is ripped to pieces. Young and inexperienced dogs are frequently killed—completely gutted—



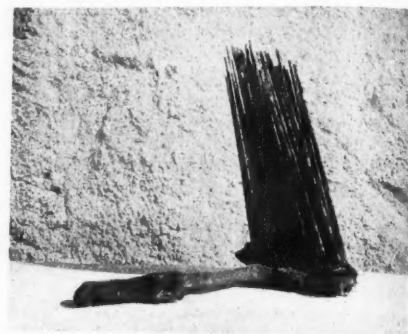
KANGAROO HUNTER AND DOGS.

his powerful legs; and many old dogs bear the unmistakable marks of their narrow escapes. If water is near, like many other hunted creatures, he takes to it. There he squats and defies his enemies. Should he catch hold of an unwary dog, he simply squats deeper in the water until the dog's muzzle is submerged. Sometimes the females, while being pursued, drop their young. As these latter make very amusing pets, they are often rescued by the "boys" and kept. But I am told that they are exceedingly delicate and difficult to rear if they are so young as to have no growth of fur.—HAROLD PRIEST.

IRISH WEAVING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Perhaps you will think this photograph, though scarcely beautiful, worthy of reproduction. The strange looking object it depicts is a carding comb, between a hundred and a hundred and fifty years old, which was found when the ruins of the old factory at Ballinakill, Queen's County, were cleared a few years ago. The hole in the handle was threaded with a string which fastened it to the user's wrist. This comb is a relic of the days when every house in Ballinakill had its loom.—E. W. W.



OLD IRISH CARDING COMB.

A FASTIDIOUS PULLET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a Black Minorca pullet which evidently wanted to find a very secure and well hidden place for her first egg, so she walked to the churchyard close by and, finding an old box-shaped tombstone with a hole at one side, climbed in, and after coming out to fetch leaves for the nest, finally laid that precious egg, and daily lays there still.—MAUD LAIDLAY.

A RELIC OF OLDEN DAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Strolling along a country lane in Guernsey lately I looked into a farmer's garden and was struck by the size of the granite pebbles which bordered the path. A closer inspection revealed the fact that they were old stone weights, a relic of the day when the beam and scales were in use. You can clearly see the crosses denoting the weight represented, also the holes filled with the



OLD GRANITE WEIGHTS.

required amount of lead. Into this lead rings were made fast by which the stone weights were lifted.—A WANDERER.

FOR ECONOMISING TEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As you were asking for recipes in COUNTRY LIFE I am writing to tell of a way in which to economise tea, hoping it may be of use to others in the present tea shortage, and, besides taking less, it makes far better and more stimulating tea. Instead of pouring boiling water on to the tea in the teapot, take an enamel or fireproof teapot, fill with hot or boiling water, put it on the fire or stove and let it boil as fast as is possible for two minutes—that is one of the chief points—and then stir in the tea, take the pot from the fire and proceed as usual. It makes the tea very much stronger and better and so does not require so much.—E. MORRIS.

REFERENCE WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reading Peele's play, "The Old Wives' Tale," written, I believe, at the end of the sixteenth century, I was reminded by the story of the White Bear of England's Wood (a tale of enchantment and transformation) of a rhyme I knew in my childhood. All that I remember of it is:

"Seven long years have I waited for thee,
Seven bucketfuls of tears have I shed for thee,
Seven fine babes have I brought unto thee—
O White Bear of Wombledon, turn you to me."

I wonder if any of your readers know where the lines may be found. I always understood that the fine babes were offered to the bear as sustenance, but this is as it may be. I should also be glad if any light could be thrown on another rhyme:

"What is your name?
Alicumpane.
Where do you live?
Down yonder lane."

In one of Dickens' Christmas books a child says: "I'm Mrs. Alicumpane." Is it a game? And has the word any connection with Alicamp (Elysian Field or burying-ground)? Is Alicumpane bread from the Elysian Fields? It may be a game with a historical origin, like "The Spanish Merchant." I learned both rhymes in Derbyshire, but have no idea whether they are specially local or not.—G. J.

THE AIR-RIFLE AND THE GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Garden produce is so valuable in these days that it repays one to take extra pains to keep off these birds which work havoc among the early crops. The sparrow is by far the most troublesome of feathered pests, and for thinning them down there is nothing better than an air-rifle. Traps are unsatisfactory because they destroy, besides the sparrows for which they are set, other birds which one desires to spare. Sparrow shooting with an air-rifle is, in a small way, quite interesting sport, and as only the undesirable birds are shot at, there are no regrettable incidents to deplore. Of course, any of the air rifles are powerful enough for small birds, but the No. 2 or .22 bore has the advantage of shooting a somewhat heavier pellet than the No. 1, so that better practice is made when a cross wind is blowing. The effect of wind on the little No. 1 pellet is quite astonishing, and as windy days are commoner than calm ones, and a sparrow is a small target, the No. 2 has quite an advantage over the smaller bore. Owing to the long spring the back-sight of the No. 2 is a considerable distance from the eye; this makes focussing easier and, therefore, shooting more accurate. The No. 2 is capable of killing a rabbit under favourable circumstances, that is to say, when the range is short and the pellet can be placed in the exact spot desired. It serves well for young rooks, if the trees are not too high, and for ducks in the flapper stage in early August, when one can sometimes get sitting shots at a reasonable range.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE PERCHERON HORSE IN ENGLAND

FARMERS, captains of industries, and users generally of horses for haulage purposes would, we think, be well advised to take quite seriously the recent institution in this country of the British Percheron Horse Society. The evidence of the immediate past, especially that disclosed by the war, and the probable shaping of events in the future, all point to this new Society being developed on an extremely important and influential scale.

Moreover, it does not call for any great shrewdness to understand that a new Horse Breeding Society in England is not going to languish and succumb at birth which counts among its backers the Earl of Lonsdale, President of the International Horse Shows in years gone by, and at all times an extremely able advocate of British horse breeding; Major-General Sir W. H. Birkbeck, K.C.B., C.M.G., and Lieutenant-Colonel H. E. Hambro (Director and an Assistant-Director respectively of the Army Remount Service); Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Merrick Burrell, Inspector of Remounts and an ex-President of the National Light Horse Breeding Society; Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, who is one of the leading horse breeders in Yorkshire, and whose horses have several times won the King's Champion Cup for the best premium stallion; and Mr. Henry Overman, a very large farmer in Norfolk and, perhaps, the largest buyer in the country of heavy horses for war. Those patriotic and far-seeing individuals, and others no less patriotic and equally enthusiastic as regards the importance of establishing the Percheron breed of heavy horses in the United Kingdom, would not have identified themselves with the venture had they not been impressed, of their first hand experience, by the urgent necessity of the proposition.

We have endeavoured quite impartially, and without prejudice to those existing breeds of heavy horses in the United Kingdom with which the Percheron may be expected to compete, to seek reasons why the new British Society has been brought into being; and it may not be without interest to state them, especially as it is important there should be no misunderstanding. First and foremost have been the experiences and disclosures of the war as regards horses. Naturally, where hundreds of thousands have been employed there have been many; but what stood out from the outset has been the hopelessly inadequate resources of the United Kingdom to horse her great armies in the field and the enormous deficiency made good by the vast supplies purchased in the United States of America, and the very definite success as war horses of those imported from the other side of the Atlantic.

Those facts may be said to have been the beginning of the British Percheron Society. Now, the point to bear in mind is that for the last sixty years or so the breeders of the United States have been specialising in the Percheron type of horse from strains originally brought from the Perche district of France. And from year to year the blood has been maintained by steady purchases in France. Clever Americans would not have followed this line of heavy horse breeding had they not been extraordinarily keen and enthusiastic about the type. Anyhow, we find that when war broke out the Americans had the very heavy horses practically true to the old Perche type, and also a tremendous surplus of graded Percherons—that is, half or three-quarter bred—which in our Armies to-day are known as the light draught horses of the war. Some recent articles in COUNTRY LIFE made it quite clear how well they have done and how we must, indeed, have come most seriously to grief without them. The Percheron has impressed all our soldiers who in pre-war days had anything to do with horses, either on farm or estate, in city or stud. They will have something to say about him on their return to civil life.

One vivid experience of the war, quite startling in its simple truth, has reference to the failure as a war horse of the Shire-bred horse, that great, impressive, heavy-legged specimen whose individuality and weight-pulling propensities have at all times been the pride of his breeders and his users. The fact of that failure has to be faced and cannot be hidden any longer. It will offend susceptibilities and no doubt excite certain reprisals and prejudice against the Percheron, who is held, officially and unofficially, to have defeated him and whose introduction to this country is regarded as a national necessity and safeguard. We take the association of the Director of Remounts with the new Society to be evidence of what we have written. He knows; and who should know better? It is a knowledge also which is shared by every officer and man who has had to do with the Shire horse at home and abroad under active service conditions. There is unanimity on the point. His constitution would not permit of him offering resistance to mud, wind and rain. He shrivelled in such exposure as had to be faced, and died; while the Percherons and the Percheron-bred horses survived and are still "carrying on." Some day it will be disclosed what percentage of those bought or impressed died chiefly from respiratory troubles, and the revelation will be startling and require some explanation from those who would still defend the breed from these cold and calculated facts.

So here there is solid reason for the British Percheron Horse Society coming into existence. It will seek to found a strain of heavy horses which in peace time will appeal greatly to agriculturists and others because of their fine constitution, placidity, and splendid weight-pulling power, and which will represent the foundation stock of horses best suited to modern warfare. Then the Society, too, has confidence in our horse breeders that they will give the gallant greys and blacks a fair trial, backed as they will be by our incomparable climate and grazing grounds for horse breeding and rearing. And above all is the need, now and always, to look ahead. We think we see in the main *motif* of the British Society a worthy endeavour to throw some imagination into our national horse breeding, to keep aims in view affecting both the nation and the individual, and to have always in mind the possibility of mobilisation at some distant day when the summons must find us ready and not lacking as in 1914. Meanwhile, however, there is peace coming, and for the present it is good to think of the splendid Percheron horse helping in his quiet, willing, and all-conquering way to make the days of peace more golden, more cherished, and altogether more precious.

Z.

MACHINERY NOTES FOR MODERN FARMERS

THE AMO MILKING MACHINE.

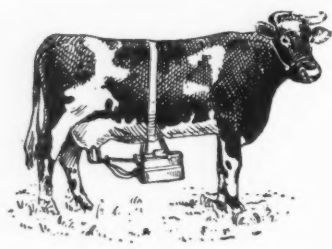
THE Amo is a machine with an excellent reputation, as it is the gold medal machine of the Royal Agricultural Society's trials of milking machines. In its action it is very similar to the Hinman Milker, described last week, but with the difference that a certain amount of suction is maintained on the teats during the milking operation between what one might describe as the main suction strokes. The suction, in fact, is alternating between a partial vacuum of, say, 5lb. per square inch to 15lb. per square inch. The Hinman, it will be remembered, works with an alternating pressure of $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (half atmospheric) as maximum and atmospheric pressure, there being, of course, an entire release from suction when atmospheric pressure is reached. A point to notice in this connection is that the Amo at its maximum exercises a much more powerful pull on the teat than the Hinman, and as this is a matter of principle rather than of construction, it would be interesting and of great practical utility to have this question of correct amount of suction settled by competent authorities. Superficially, it would appear that the machine which will satisfactorily milk with the exertion of the least pull upon the teats is likely to be the machine least likely to cause damage to the animal if carelessly handled. I hope the different parties interested in the rival systems will contribute their arguments in such form that practical use can be made of them in the columns of this journal.

Another point of difference between the Hinman and the Amo lies in the fact that at times during which the maximum pull is being taken on the teats the inner rubber linings of the teat cups of the Amo machine squeeze the teats in a manner which is stated to resemble very closely the action of a calf when feeding. In these three points,

- (1) Degree of release of suction between strokes,
- (2) Maximum amount of suction exerted,
- (3) Alternating pressures or non-alternating pressures by the teat cups,

the two machines differ in principles; otherwise the principles are similar, but the methods of obtaining the desired results vary and there are many minor distinctive features.

The operation of the Amo is as follows: An electric motor or a small engine using oil, petrol, or gas fuel drives a vacuum pump which exhausts the air from a tank (the vacuum tank), which is placed in a convenient position in the cowshed.



The milking machine in position under the cow.

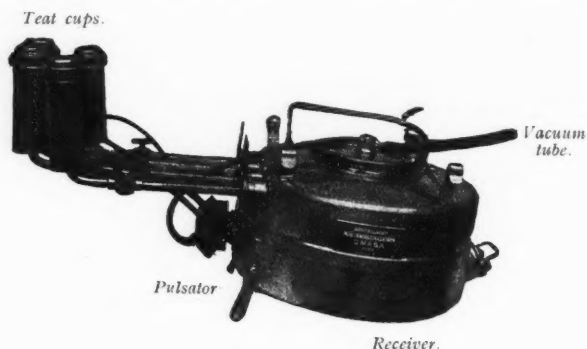
A galvanised iron pipe is used to connect the pumps with the tank. From the vacuum tank a line of pipe extends over the cowstalls, and over each stall an air tap is fixed in the pipe. To these taps rubber tubes are fitted which connect the piping with the milking machines. The

milking machine is suspended in position under the cow by means of a band which passes over the cow's back, the band being adjustable as to length. The machine which performs the actual milking consists of a milk receiver, to which is attached a device called the pulsator, and also the four teat cups, the whole forming one self-contained unit. An airtight lid closes the receiver.

The method of operation is as follows: To the upper side of the lid two nipples are attached, one of which connects the receiver with the vacuum tank by means of the rubber tube and galvanised pipe, already mentioned. The second nipple connects the rubber vacuum tube with the pulsator, so that the degree of vacuum in the milk receiver coincides with that in the pulsator.

The pulsator is a simple two-way acting machine, similar to the well known steam pulsometer, except that instead of the piston being operated by pressure, the reverse, vacuum, supplies the actuating force. For the benefit of any reader who may not be familiar with the action thus referred to,

the principle may be described as follows: In a cylinder, having both ends closed, works a piston, on either end of which power (by pressure or vacuum) is applied. When the power thus applied on one end has forced the piston to the limit of its travel, a valve opens which releases the power, and almost simultaneously another valve opens at the opposite end of the piston which admits power, thus compelling the movement of the piston in the opposite direction, on the completion of which movement the same action again takes place. It will be seen, therefore,



that by automatically operated release and admission valves the pressure or vacuum at either end of (within) the cylinder alternates with each motion of the piston. This simple mechanism, in the form of the pulsator, is utilised in the Amo machine, in conjunction with a special construction of teat cups, to obtain intermittent suction on the teats.

The teat cup is of metal, inside which is secured a rubber lining to fit on to the cow's teat, the design being such that the lining is held at top and bottom only of the cup. Except at the top and the bottom there is an air space between the metal cup and the flexible rubber lining. The joinings of the cup and lining are airtight. A nipple screwed into the side of the cup provides a connection, to which is fitted a rubber tube from the pulsator. The action of the pulsator is thus communicated to the space between the lining and the cup.

The vacuum line is therefore as follows: The vacuum created in the vacuum tank by the pumps travels to the milk receiver and thence to the inside of the teat cups. It also travels to the pulsator and thence to the spaces between the teat cups and their flexible rubber linings. The degree of vacuum in the receiver and inside the teat cups is constant, but owing to the action of the pulsator a partial vacuum in the space outside the teat cup lining alternates with normal atmospheric pressure. The effect is that the rubber expands and contracts alternately, thus increasing and decreasing the suction on the teats, and by the same actions squeezes and releases the teats. This movement, it is claimed, causes the teats to retain their normal circulation and elasticity.

The connections between the milk receiver and the teat cups are celluloid transparent tubes, and an adjustment is provided which allows the respective lengths of each of the tubes to be quickly regulated to suit the cow. The milk does not pass through any rubber piping whatever, and being delivered into a chamber continuously in vacuo, is not contaminated by contact with the air of the cowshed. An automatic valve, connected with a float in the receiver, shuts off the milk when the receiver is full.

It is of great importance that the teat cups should be surely prevented by some means or other from falling off the teats, as in such an event the vacuum in the receiver would suck up any impurities solid or otherwise within its reach and capabilities to move.

For the Amo is claimed that the constant suction on the teats is sufficient to hold the teat cups safely in place, especially as the machine can be slung in such a position that the teats do not carry the weight of the teat cups. About one horse-power is required to work four milking machines.

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